

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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} From Beginning,  
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## WATCHING THE DOVES.

HERE in London some daisies are decking  
 The grass of the squares and the parks,  
 And windblown laburnums are flecking  
 The pavement with fluttering sparks.  
 And doves in the sun are flying  
 Round a mighty old dome above,  
 While I watch from the worn flags, sighing,  
 "O, had I the wings of a dove!"

For I know that the gorse is glowing  
 Like flame at home on the hills,  
 And delicate leaves are showing  
 In woods where the blackbird trills.  
 In the fields there are buttercups swinging,  
 And there's clover sturdy and pink,  
 And the thrushes all day keep singing  
 Their rapturous songs I think.

But instead of the voice of the throistle,  
 I hear the hurry of feet,  
 And the vehicles crush and jostle,  
 And the crowd grows thick in the street.  
 O bright doves! wheeling and turning  
 Aloft round your stately dome,  
 I am weary and sick with yearning  
 For a glimpse of the hills at home.  
 Leisure Hour. FRANCES WYNNE.

## TO THE GOLD CREST BUILDING IN MY GARDEN.

I LOVE thee, wren, thy golden crest,  
 Thy sudden song, thy hanging home;  
 Alas, that thou shouldst ever roam  
 From this thy rest!

Hard by my yew the lilac's bloom  
 Blesses thy brood with every breath;  
 Like thee, it quickly vanisheth —  
 Such is life's doom.

No bird, unless it be the thrush,  
 That sung the winter from the land,  
 Is dear as thou. Fain would my hand  
 Caress, not crush.

Come, nestle in thy lover's palm,  
 Safely as in thy high-hung nest,  
 That him thy tiny beating breast  
 May comfort, calm.

Thou wilt not! Then I needs must bless  
 Thy fledglings, featherless and small;  
 They do not fear my touch at all —  
 They answer, "Yes!"

I would not harm them, golden-head,  
 To wield a sceptre, wear a crown;  
 I would not hurt a hair — a down  
 I should have said.

Good-night, good-night, my little wren,  
 The shadows fall, the day is done;  
 Good-night, but with to-morrow's sun  
 I'll come again.

And you shall tell me how you dream'd  
 Of storm-bent firs in northern lands, —  
 Of frozen waves, and rocky strands,  
 All tempest-seam'd.

And how thou fleddest o'er the waste  
 Of waters, through the deep of night,  
 League upon league, till morning light  
 My yew-tree traced.

And I will weave it into song,  
 Brimful of love as is thine own;  
 By many, wren, thou shalt be known  
 And cherish'd long.

JOHN JERVIS BERESFORD, M.A.  
 Temple Bar.

\* \* The golden-crested wren, the smallest, and one of the rarest, of our British birds, stays with us all the year; but Mr. Selby, the naturalist, observes that the number of our home gold-crests is augmented each winter, especially in severe seasons, by comers from the North.

## A GOLDEN HOUR.

A BECKONING spirit of gladness seemed afloat,  
 That lightly danced in laughing air before  
 us:

The earth was all in tune, and you a note  
 Of Nature's happy chorus.

'Twas like a vernal morn, yet overhead  
 The leafless boughs across the lane were  
 knitting:

The ghost of some forgotten Spring, we said,  
 O'er Winter's world comes flitting.

Or was it Spring herself, that, gone astray,  
 Beyond the alien frontier chose to tarry?  
 Or but some bold outrider of the May,  
 Some April-emissary?

The apparition faded on the air,  
 Capricious and incalculable comer.  
 Wilt thou too pass, and leave my chill days  
 bare,  
 And fall'n my phantom Summer?  
 Spectator. WILLIAM WATSON.

## TIME AND LOVE.

SLY old Time took little Cupid,  
 Tied a kerchief o'er his eyes;  
 Turned him round, exclaiming, "Stupid,  
 Tell me where your true love lies."  
 Long as moons shall shine above,  
 Time will play his tricks on love.

Cupid, of his power reminded,  
 Showed old Time what he could do;  
 And, that though his eyes were blinded,  
 Yet his heart would guide him true.  
 Long as suns the heaven shall climb,  
 Love will foil the tricks of Time.

ROBERT BROWN, JUNR.

From The National Review.

# ANCIENT ROME AND MODERN LONDON.

It is commonly believed among Englishmen that in respect of extent, of population, and of wealth, London is the greatest city the world has ever known. Probably, however, Nineveh, Babylon, the Egyptian Thebes, and Rome in the second century of our era and in the third were at least equal to London. Nineveh and Babylon appear to have occupied a greater area. Nineveh was described as a city of three days' journey; Babylon, which is expressly said to have been four-square and twelve miles in every direction, would occupy one hundred and forty-four square miles. The square miles in greatest London are one hundred and twenty. As to Nineveh, Babylon, Thebes, we have no data by which we can with certainty estimate their population and wealth. We know that these were very great; but we cannot measure this greatness by exact figures. When we come to Rome we have precise information. Apart from area, ancient Rome was probably superior to modern London. It was at the least as popular and as wealthy, and it was more beautiful. I know that this conclusion differs from that of Gibbon, and that, practically, Gibbon's work is the only acknowledged authority in our public schools and universities. To relieve the fears of those who hesitate to differ from so great a master, I will give a few instances of the historian's inaccuracy. Gibbon reckons the area of the Roman Empire at one million six hundred thousand square miles; really, it was about three million two hundred thousand square miles. He gives the probable tribute of Spain, Gaul, and Egypt as about five millions sterling each; yet he reckons the total revenue of Rome as from fifteen to twenty millions. Thus, he allows, at the most, only five millions from the rest of the world — Africa, Asia Minor, Austria, European Turkey, and Italy itself. He seems to take no account of any revenues other than the tribute or land-tax; for, although he accurately enumerates the additional taxes imposed by Augustus, he makes no attempt to estimate their produce.

How, then, in the first place, did the

population of the city of Rome compare with that of London? We may take it that London, in its widest extent, has a circuit of nearly fifty miles, and that it is nearly seventeen miles from north to south and from east to west. The population may be taken as about five millions. Rome was of much less extent; but it does not follow that its inhabitants were fewer. The circumference of the city was only about twenty miles, and its diameter seven miles; but its limits were fixed by the fourteen quarters marked out by Augustus, and afterwards enclosed within the walls of Aurelian. Suburbs analogous to Hendon or to Croydon were not reckoned in the population of Rome. A curious proof of this is to be found in the fact that in the census of Rome only large houses or palaces, and houses let out in flats, *domus* and *insula*, are mentioned. The villas, which are frequently mentioned by Juvenal and other writers, appear to have been entirely beyond the boundary. Even within this limited area the population, it is probable, was as large as that of greatest London. The streets of Rome were very narrow. Over nearly all London the houses vary from two to four stories in height; those of Rome varied from five to seven stories. And Rome was much more completely built over than is modern London. There were, indeed, few vacant spaces; not one of them could compare with Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, Regent's Park, Greenwich Common, Hampstead Heath, and other public recreation grounds which are all included in London.

Gibbon — who was, in every case of large figures, extremely sceptical — calculates that the city of Rome contained at the most about a million and three-quarters of inhabitants. Lipsius, in his "*De Magnitudine Romana*," reckons at least five millions; but Gibbon puts this aside with the remark that "the book, though ingenious, betrays signs of a heated imagination." It is singular that both writers rely for their conclusions on the same figures, and differ in their interpretation. It is distinctly recorded that in the fourth century, in the reign of Theodosius, there were enumerated 1,730 *domus*, or great

houses, and 46,602 *insulae*, or large buildings, let out in flats or single rooms, and corresponding very closely with our model lodging-houses. But how many people did each of those buildings contain? Lipsius reckons an average of a hundred. Gibbon reckons an average of twenty-five. The only reason given for Gibbon's estimate is that in his time the houses in Paris were mostly let out in flats, and contained only twenty-five people in each house. Thus the question is narrowed. Did the palaces on the one hand, and the *insulae* or lodging-houses on the other, contain an average of twenty-five people or one hundred? The larger number is more probable, and therefore the estimate of a population of five millions is the more acceptable. As to the *domus*, or palace, we must recollect that it contained not only the master and his family, but many slaves.

The slaves included (besides domestic servants) librarians, doctors, hairdressers, painters, carpenters, architects, and so forth. "Almost every profession," Gibbon says, "either liberal or mechanical, might be found in the house of an opulent senator."\* Pedanius Secundus, prefect of the city, whose office corresponded with that of the lord mayor of London, was murdered in his own house in the reign of Nero, A.D. 61, and the murderer was not identified. It was thereupon proposed that all the slaves in the house should be crucified; and, after a long debate in the Senate, which is fully reported by Tacitus,† the proposal was adopted. It was then found that the slaves in this one house numbered four hundred. Again, we are told that when a great man went to make a call, he would, although his journey might not be more than a few hundred yards, have a retinue of at least fifty slaves. Ammianus Marcellinus, quoted by both Lipsius and Gibbon, gives a long description of the progress of a wealthy citizen from Rome to his country residence, a description which clearly suggests a household of four or five hundred slaves. It is certain that when it was proposed that the slaves should wear a distinctive dress the

proposal was rejected. Seneca asked the Senate to consider "quantum periculi immineret si servi nostri nos numerare coe-pissent." Tiberius in the year A.D. 21 condemned the number and variety of slaves, "*familiarum numerum et nationes*,"\* In short, the evidence proving that there were very many slaves in the palaces of Rome is overwhelming, and appears to justify the estimate of at the least a hundred people in every *domus*.

Then as to the 46,602 *insulae*. Did they contain twenty-five people each (as Gibbon conjectures), or more than one hundred? There are many reasons for thinking that here Lipsius is nearer to the truth than Gibbon. These lodging-houses contained many flats; for we know that laws were passed by Augustus, Tiberius, and Nero, with the object of limiting the height to seventy feet from the ground—edicts which are said to have been constantly disobeyed. On the authority of Heineceus, Gibbon says that the annual rent of the several flats *coenacula* was about £360 a year. It may be taken for granted that in most cases each flat was occupied by several families, or that in any cases where a whole flat at such a rent was occupied by a single family there was a considerable company of slaves. Thus, the estimate of one hundred persons in each *insula* seems not excessive.

The ground floor of the *insula* was often occupied by shops; the next two or three floors either by several families on each, or by single families wealthy enough to own a staff of slaves. The upper stories were let in smaller compartments, and often in single rooms. Juvenal † says that a man could purchase in the country, and within twenty miles of Rome, the freehold of a good house and a small garden for the same sum as was required for the yearly rent of a dark chamber in the attics (*sub tegulis*) in Rome; from which we may conclude that a single room, at the top of a house, would let for something like £20 a year. It seems safe, therefore, to conclude that each of the five or six flats of an *insula* contained twenty people,

\* Gibbon's Decline and Fall. Cap. 2.

† Tacitus, Ann., xiv. 42.

\* Tacitus, Ann., iii. 53.

† Juv., Satire, iii. 233.



and that the 46,602 *insulæ* would hold a population of nearly five millions. As there were 1,780 palaces, we may be sure that the total population of the city was, as Lipsius and others have calculated, more than five millions. It may be said that the number of houses, of both kinds, in the reign of Theodosius is no guide to the number in the reigns of Tiberius, Claudius, Nero, and Antoninus. If that be true, the argument is still good for the reign of Theodosius; but we might expect that the migration under Constantine in the fourth century would have reduced the population of Rome. The enormous growth of the population of Constantinople is ascribed by Gibbon mainly to the great emigration from Rome of opulent senators, officials, tradesmen, and slaves. If there was so vast an exodus in the reign of Constantine, it is probable that the population of five millions in the reign of Theodosius was not greater than that under Tiberius or Hadrian, or at least during the second century.

It is difficult to compare the realized wealth and the annual income of Rome with that of London. We can only pick out isolated facts and indicate the conclusions which they seem to warrant. It may be well to begin with the private fortunes of the emperors, who for a long time rejected any kingly title and claimed to be only citizens elected to high office, as *Principes Senatus*, *Tribuni Plebis*, and *Imperatores*; not as civil rulers, but only as commanding the armies of the State. Most of them began their reigns with large fortunes. They had, indeed, to provide from the various revenues for all the expenses of government; but the surplus of receipts over expenditure was constantly very large, and that surplus was as completely under their control as if it had been private property. Neither Senate nor people had any voice in the matter. Before the Empire was fully established, Augustus says, "In the consulship of M. Lepidus and L. Arruntius I paid 100,700,000 sesterces (about £900,000), in the name of Tiberius Cæsar and myself, into the military treasury for the fund designed to pay bounties and pensions to soldiers who had served twenty or more cam-

paigns."\* This fund was afterwards kept up by taxes.

Again, Augustus, by his will left, after legacies to his relations and friends,† more than £350,000 to be divided *viriliter* among the people of Rome, £83,000 for the ten thousand *Prætorians*, £15,000 for the city militia, and £4 3s. 4d. each to the legionary soldiers. Those legacies would require nearly two millions sterling. Nero spent in presents alone more than eighteen millions sterling during his reign of fourteen years.‡ Vitellius is said to have squandered seven millions and a half sterling in his reign of less than a year.§

These are, of course, examples of the wealth of emperors, but of emperors in their private capacity, on which no public claim could be made. We shall, however, arrive at a similar conclusion as to the wealth of Rome from other considerations. Seneca, a man of vile character, yet of almost saintly reputation (so different was his life from his writings), was worth at least two millions and a half sterling.|| Yet Nero said to him: "You know that there are very many men in this city, and these by no means your equals in accomplishments, who possess still more. As to the freedmen, who are wealthier than the richest citizens, I am ashamed to speak."¶ Much of Seneca's wealth came from the lavish gifts of Nero; but he derived a great revenue from the extortionate interest which he charged for loans in the provinces. In fact, a rebellion was caused in Britain by Seneca's usuries.

Claudius Felix was a freedman. Yet he was the governor of Judæa who judged St. Paul. His brother Pallas also was a freedman of Claudius. He is said by Tacitus to have possessed two millions and a half sterling. A present of £130,000 \*\* was voted by the Senate.†† Yet he had formerly been a slave of Antonia, the mother of Claudius. It is to him that

\* Arnold, p. 101.

† Tac., Ann., i. 8.

‡ Tac., Hist., i. 20.

§ Tac., Hist., ii. 95.

|| Tac., Ann., xiv. 55.

¶ Tac., Ann., xii. 53.

\*\* Arnold, p. 132.

†† Tac., Ann., xiv. 53.

Juvenal refers when he says that if content with a modest competence, "*Ego possideo plus Pallante et Licinio.*" Narcissus, another freedman of Claudius, is said to have been worth more than three millions and a quarter sterling. Lucius Cornelius Balbus, a native of Spain, a Roman citizen and senator, and a friend of Tacitus, was considered to be worth two millions and a half sterling. Dio says that he left by his will about 16s. 8d. to every man in Rome: "*Populo Romano vicitim legavit denarios viginti quinque.*" This alone would require about £800,000.

P. Licinius Crassus Dives, whose name is coupled by Juvenal with that of the freedman Pallas as a memorial of wealth, said that he would consider no man rich who was unable to equip an army and keep it in the field. Yet he is credited with only two millions sterling. This sum, however, is probably much below the truth, for he had among his slaves five hundred architects and builders. It seems probable that, like many rich Romans, whether senators or freedmen, he invested large sums in building and in buying house property.

As another proof of wealth Lipsius quotes from Pliny some instances of the price paid for slaves. Thus, Daphnis, who seems to have been a great linguist, was sold for three hundred and seventy thousand sesterces, about £3,500, "*grande pretium in uno fluxu et mortali homine, et quem solus Grammatici titulus commendabat.*"\* Suetonius says that Laelius Præconensis was sold for about £1,760. Seneca says that Calvisius had many slaves employed as readers, and that each of them had been bought for "*centum millibus*" nearly £840.†

Let us take some other illustrations at random. When L. Calpurnius Piso was appointed governor of Macedonia for one year, he drew for his outfit from the public treasury eighteen million sesterces or £150,000.‡ He did not want the money for that purpose; everything required by a pro-consul was supplied to him by the province. Piso simply took the money for himself, and lent it out in Rome at high interest. C. Verres was charged by Cicero with having robbed Sicily of £350,000 in three years, besides many valuable works of art. He practically admitted his guilt by retiring from Rome without attempting any defence. Cicero, when governor of the poor province of

Cilicia, found himself the richer, in one year, by £20,000; and he was, perhaps, the only pro-consul who ever handed over his surplus to the State. There can be no doubt that Cicero and the younger Pliny received large sums from their clients while those clients were still living. Balbus is not likely to have secured the argument "*pro Balbo*" for a mere trifle; and the gratitude of Sicily, for the prosecution of Verres, undoubtedly took a very substantial form. Apart from all such *honoraria*, it is recorded that both Cicero and the younger Pliny received legacies from clients to the amount of £170,000. Gibbon tells us\* on the authority of Olympiodorus, that several of the richest senators had an income of £160,000 a year — without computing the stated provision of corn and wine, which, if sold, would have realized another £50,000. Gibbon continues: "An income of one thousand or fifteen hundred pounds of gold (£40,000 to £60,000) might be considered as no more than adequate to the dignity of the senatorian rank. But the wealth of such men as Pompey, Julius Cæsar, Lepidus, Lucullus, Mæcenas, and other magnates, must have been much greater than that of an ordinary senator."

The wealth and luxury of the rich is almost incredible. The *carruæ* (coaches) of the Romans were often of solid silver, curiously carved and engraved; while the trappings of the horses were embossed with silver and gold.† Pliny says that many Romans had more silver plate on their sideboards than Scipio Africanus brought from Carthage. According to Pliny's own estimate, that would be about £14,000;‡ and this we should probably adopt, although Livy says that Scipio brought back £300,000. Juvenal tells a well-known story of the mullet which weighed eight pounds and was sold for nearly £50.§ Several of the prætors in the reign of Honorius are said to have spent on public games alone £50,000, £90,000, £180,000. If we suppose the smallest sum to be correct, it is more than any lord mayor of London would like to spend.

So much for the senators, who may be compared with the nobles of England. The equites, also, who occupied the same kind of position as our knights and squires, were a very wealthy class. From this class governors of provinces were some-

\* Pliny, *Hist. Nat.*, Book viii.

† Lipsius de *Mag. Rom.* Book iv.

‡ *Cic.* in *Pisonem*, 35.

\* *Decline and Fall*, cap. 31.

† Pliny, *Hist. Nat.*, xxxiii. 50.

‡ Livy, xxx. 45.

§ *Juv.*, Sat. iv. 15.

times chosen. Pontius Pilate was a notable example. Others were commissioners of revenue in the imperial, and sometimes in the senatorial, provinces. But the great bulk of the equites were engaged in farming the taxes. Sometimes a single knight would farm the taxes of a small province; but as a rule the work was undertaken by *societates* (companies). The taxes were farmed for five years, and the terms were fixed by auction. Security for the due payment of the amount offered at the auction had to be provided. The equites thus employed were called *publicani* (the publicans of the New Testament); and, as the story of Zacchæus and other publicans prove, they often extorted more than was legally due, and became extremely rich. When harvests and trade were good they made very large profits; and, in all cases, they were able to escape loss by illegal extortions. "If I have wronged any man I restore fourfold," Zacchæus said; but very few of the *publicani* reached this altitude of equitable dealing. However, I am only concerned now to show that the equites as a class must have been very rich. They had to give security for, and provide the punctual payment of, about fifty millions sterling a year.

It is a common saying — even Gibbon repeats it — that there was no middle-class in Rome — only a luxurious aristocracy, and a clamoring crowd of plebeians. Such a generalization must be wide of the mark. It is impossible that the necessities and luxuries required by so great and wealthy a community could have been provided for without a large middle-class of bankers, money-lenders, manufacturers, and shopkeepers. Many of the bankers and money-lenders were equites; but many more were private citizens and freedmen. The probable number of this last class has scarcely been fairly considered; but it must have been very great, and in most cases the freedman had to earn a large part of his living by commerce or by industry. The amount of money invested abroad by the *negotiatores* was so great that the war with Mithridates seriously affected public credit in Rome.\* Cicero says that in Gaul not a single payment passed from hand to hand without the intervention of a negotiator. Three hundred of them were formed into a council or society by Cato, at Thapsus in Africa.† These men had to pay to Cæsar a fine of nearly £17,000 for

supporting the cause of Pompey, while the bankers at Adrumetum were fined £42,000 for the same reason.\*

Banking has always been considered an occupation more honorable than mere trade. But trade also must have been considerable. It was chiefly carried on by freedmen. It will be sufficient to give a single example. The trade in silks and pearls passing through Alexandria is said to have amounted to £1,300,000 a year. £560,000 was obtained from silks, which were sold at their weight in gold (about £40 a pound).† Amber was imported from the Baltic, and diamonds from Bengal. Of other trades, such as wool and iron, we have few particulars. But it is quite clear that there must have been a class of wealthy merchants to carry on the trade of imports to Rome. A fleet of one hundred and twenty vessels brought goods from Arabia, the Red Sea, and Ceylon.

Of mere shopkeepers there are naturally very few notices in the histories written by Romans. It was beneath the dignity of Latin historians to make any mention of traders. It was beneath the dignity of a Roman citizen to keep a manufactory or a shop. Cicero says, "Nec enim quicquam ingenuum potest habere officina."‡ But shops and manufactories were kept — mostly by freedmen or Syrians or Greeks — and we have many particulars of every kind of trade, although little mention of the traders. One barber is mentioned twice by Juvenal, —

Patricios omnes opibus quum provvctet unus  
Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba sona-  
bat

Difficile est saliram non scribere.§

He is mentioned again as the owner of innumerable villas. So, too, Juvenal twice refers to Crispinus, a household slave brought from Egypt, then a freedman and a shoemaker, then a favorite with the emperor; an exemplar of every vice, and the most fastidious epicure in Rome. He greatly increased his wealth by the purchase or the building of villas and by buying land in the city. Both men must have made money by trade before they could speculate in lands and houses.

Demetrius and other silversmiths in Ephesus may be taken as examples of wealthy traders. In short, there was, of necessity, both in Rome and in the prov-

\* Arnold, p. 81.

† Cic., pro Fonteio i.

\* See Merivale ii. 367.

† Gibbon, cap. ii.

‡ Cir. Off. i. 42.

§ Juv., Sat. i. 24.

inces, a large and often wealthy middle class. It makes a good antithesis to say that all was luxurious splendor or squalid poverty; but it is very far from being true. The common people, who are supposed to have been so miserably poor, deserve the epithet used by Gibbon. They were "lazy plebeians." Poor in hard cash they probably were; but that was because they would not work. And they would not work regularly, because that was thought to be the duty of slaves, and because, without work, they had so many of the blessings of life provided for them. Bread was given daily to two hundred thousand citizens, at the rate of a three-pound loaf for each. Formerly it had been given in corn, at the rate of five *modii* (pecks) a month; but, as the people did not like the labor of grinding and baking, it was afterwards supplied in loaves from public baking ovens. Under the later Empire bacon was distributed to the poor for five months in every year.\* In this way about thirty-two thousand hundredweights were given away every year. Wine was sold on very easy terms. The commodities not given away were very cheap.† Wine was sixteen pence a gallon; bacon a little more than three half-pence a pound; and oil three half-pence a gallon. But the oil required for lighting and for the bath was given away; Africa alone was compelled to contribute, as part of its taxation, more than three hundred thousand gallons every year.

Besides all this, every Roman had the use of the public baths on payment of about half a farthing. These were not such structures as we call public baths, but superb buildings, lined with Egyptian granite and Nubian marble. Warm water was poured into the capacious basins through wide mouths of bright and massive silver. The most magnificent baths were those of Caracalla, which had seats of marble for more than sixteen hundred people; and those of Diocletian, which had seats for three thousand people. For the further delectation of the people there were theatres and amphitheatres. Gibbon says that there were sometimes four hundred thousand spectators at the amphitheatres alone.‡ The Colosseum could only seat one hundred thousand.§ There

were others. The earliest was built by Curio, and was of wood. The first amphitheatre of stone was that built in the Campus Martius by Statilius Taurus. Another was built by Julius Cæsar, and another by Nero.\* There were three principal theatres, — called after Pompeius Magnus, Cornelius Balbus, and Marcellus, — the last built by Augustus in honor of his favorite nephew. Many thousands of gladiators were employed at the amphitheatres; so many that at one time they rebelled, and carried on a serious war against the Republic. Three thousand dancers and as many singers daily amused the public. If there were seats at places of amusement for five hundred thousand people at once, Gibbon's estimate of the total population as one million seven hundred and fifty thousand is absurd.

Such, then, was the condition of the Roman poor. Food and wine and oil, baths, theatres, and amphitheatres, were provided either free or at extremely low charges. There was no Union workhouse, no labor test. Newspapers were circulated regularly — not only in Rome, but — in all the camps and the provinces "per provincias et per exercitus."† It may safely be inferred that both in population and in wealth the city of Rome under the Empire was fully equal to modern London; while in the magnificence and beauty of its public buildings, in the splendor of its gratuitous entertainments, and in the profusion of its liberality towards the poor, it was much superior.

It may, perhaps, be objected to these conclusions that they affect the capital cities only, and that after Rome, Italy had no cities or towns to compare with Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham. But even this would not be the exact truth. There were very large and opulent cities in Italy besides Rome — cities such as Venice, Milan, Naples, Tarentum, Pompeii, Baiae. In fact, Italy, when the last recorded census was taken, contained about seven million citizens — all adult males. Adding the wives and children, we have a population of thirty millions. Adding the *liberti*, the *libertini*, the foreign residents, and the slaves, we have a total population of more than sixty millions.

EDWARD J. GIBBS, M.A.

\* Gibbon, cap. 4.

† Cor., Theod., viii. 4, 17.

‡ Gibbon, iv. cap. 31.

§ Ramsay, Rom. Antiquities, p. 357.

\* Ramsay, Rom. Antiquities, p. 48.

† See the speech of Capito Cossutianus against Thrasca. — Tac., Ann., xiv. 32.

## AUNT ANNE.\*

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## CHAPTER XV.

*(continued.)*

"HERE's a four-wheeler," Walter said, as he stopped one. "This is quite an adventure, only," he added gently, "you don't look up to much, Aunt Anne."

"I shall be better soon," she said, and dropped into silence again. She looked almost vacantly out of window as they went along, and they were afraid to ask questions, for they felt that things had not gone well with her. Presently she turned to Florence. "Did you say the children were at home, my love?"

"Yes, dear." The old lady looked out of window again at the green trees in the park and, when they came to them, almost furtively at the shops in Oxford Street. Then she turned to Florence.

"My love," she said, "I must take those dear children a little present. Would you permit the cabman to stop at a sweetmeat shop; we shall reach one in a moment."

"Oh, please don't trouble about them, dear Aunt Anne."

"I shouldn't like them to think I had forgotten them," she pleaded.

"No, and they shan't think it," Walter said, patting her hand. "Hi! stop, cabby. Stay in the cab, Aunt Anne, I'll go and get something for them." In a few minutes he reappeared with two boxes of chocolates. "I think that's the sort of thing," he said. She looked at them carefully, opened them, and examined the name of the maker.

"You have selected them most judiciously, dear Walter," she answered.

"That's all right. Now we'll go on." She looked at the boxes once more and put them down satisfied.

"It was just like you, to save me the fatigue of getting out of the cab," she said to her nephew. "I hope the children will like them, they were always most partial to chocolates. You must remind me to reimburse you for them presently, my dear." And once more she turned to the window.

"Aunt Anne, are you looking for any one?" Walter asked presently.

"No, my love, but I thought the cabman was going through Portman Square,

and that he would pass William Ram-mage's house."

"That worthy was at Cannes the other day I saw."

"He is there till next month," she explained, and then they were all silent until they reached the end of their journey. It was impossible to talk much to Aunt Anne, it seemed to interrupt her thoughts. Silence seemed to have become a habit to her, just as it had to Alfred Wimple. She was a little excited when they stopped at the house, and lingered before the entrance for a moment. Almost sadly she looked up at the balcony on which she had sat with Alfred Wimple, and slowly her left eye winked, as if many things had happened since that happy night, of which only she had a knowledge.

They sat her down in an easy-chair, and gave her tea, and made much of her, and asked no questions, only showed their delight at having her with them again. Gradually the tender old face looked happier, the sad lines about the mouth softened, and once there was quite a merry note in her voice, as she laughed and said, "You dear children, you are just the same." It did them good to hear her favorite remarks once more. Then Catty and Monty were brought in, and she kissed them and patronized them and gave them their chocolates and duly sent them away again, just as she always used to do.

"I began to work a little hood for Catty," she said, "but I never finished it; it was not that I was dilatory, but that my eyes are not as good as they were." She said the last words sadly, and Florence looking up quickly wondered if they were dimmed from weeping.

"Poor Aunt Anne," she said soothingly; "but you are not as lonely as formerly?"

"No, my love, but Alfred has a great deal of work to do. It keeps him constantly at his chambers, and his health not being good he is obliged to go out of town very often, so that unwillingly," and she winked sadly, "he is much away from me."

"What work is he doing?" Walter asked.

"My dear," she said, with gentle dignity, "you must forgive me for not answering that question, but I feel that he would not approve of my discussing his private affairs."

"Have you comfortable rooms in town?" Florence asked, to change the subject.

\* Aunt Anne. A Novel. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford, author of "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman," etc. Post 8vo, cloth, ornamental, \$1.25. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.



"No, my love, they are not very comfortable, but we are not in a pecuniary position to pay a large rent." She paused for a moment and her face became grave and set. Florence watching her fancied that there was a little quiver in the upper lip.

"Aunt Anne, dear Aunt Anne, I am certain you are not very happy; tell us what it is. We love you. Do tell us, is anything the matter? Is Mr. Wimple kind to you? Are you poor?"

"Yes, do tell us!" Walter said, and put his arm round her thin shoulder, and gave it a little affectionate caress.

She hesitated for a moment. "My dears," she said gratefully but a little distantly, "Alfred is very kind to me, but he is very much tried by our circumstances. He is not strong, and he is obliged to be separated from me very often. It causes him much regret, although he is too unselfish to show it."

"But you ought not to be so very poor, if Wimple has lots of work," Walter remarked.

"I fear it is not very profitable work, dear Walter, and though I have an allowance from Sir William Rammage, it does not defray all our expenses," and she was silent. Walter and Florence were silent too. They could not help it, for Aunt Anne had grown so grave and she seemed to lose herself in her thoughts. Only once did she refer to the past.

"Walter, dear," she asked, "did you find my little gifts useful, when you were away?" Aunt Anne always inquired after the wear and tear of her presents.

"Indeed I did," he answered heartily. "I was speaking of them only to-day, wasn't I, Floggie?" But he concealed the fact that all the scissors were lost, lest she should want to give him some more.

"Aunt Anne," Florence asked, "isn't there anything we could do for you? You don't look very well."

"The spring is so trying, my love," the old lady said gently.

"I expect you want a change quite as much as Mr. Wimple."

"Oh no, my love. I have been a little annoyed by my landlady, who was impertinent to me this morning. It depresses me to have a liberty taken with me." Perhaps the rent was not paid, Florence thought, but she did not dare to ask. Aunt Anne shivered and pulled her shawl round her again, and explained that she had not put on her warm cloak as it was so sunny and bright, and people might have observed that it was shabby, and

while she was talking a really brilliant idea came to Walter.

"Aunt Anne," he exclaimed, "why should not you and Wimple go to our cottage at Witley for a bit? Oh! but I forgot, he stays with friends at Liphook, doesn't he?"

"No, my love, he lodges with an old retainer."

"Oh," said Walter shortly, remembering a different account that Wimple had given him the year before on the memorable morning when they met in the Strand. "I think it would be an excellent thing, if you and he went to our cottage. It is standing empty; we don't want it just yet, and there you could be together." Aunt Anne looked up with keen interest.

"Yes, why not?" exclaimed Florence. "I wish you would; you could be quite happy there."

"My love," said the old lady eagerly, "it would be delightful. But I am afraid there are reasons that render it impossible for me to accept your kindness."

"What reasons? do tell us. Perhaps we can smooth them away."

"Florence," said the old lady, "I must be frank with you. I am indebted to some of the tradespeople there, and I am not in a position to pay their bills."

"They are all paid," Walter said joyfully, "so don't trouble about them; and moreover, we told them they were never to give us any credit, so I am afraid they won't give you any next time, any more than they will us, but you won't mind that."

"And then, my love," the old lady went on, "I have no servants."

"I can arrange that," said Florence. "I can telegraph to Jane Mitchell, the postman's sister who always comes in and does for us when we go alone from Saturday to Monday, and take no servant. Do go, Aunt Anne, it will do you a world of good. I shall take you back to your lodgings, and get you ready, and send you off to-morrow morning." Aunt Anne stood up excitedly.

"My dears," she said, "I will bless you for sending me. I can't bear this separation; I want to be with him, and he wants me, I know he does; it makes him cross and irritable to be away from me." There was almost a wild look in her eyes. They were astonished at her vehemence. But suddenly she seemed to remember something, and all her excitement subsided. "I cannot go until Sir William Rammage returns to town, or his solicitor does. My



allowance is not due for some weeks, and unfortunately —"

"We'll make that all right, dear, leave it to us," said Walter. "Florence will come round in the morning and carry you off; and Wimple will be quite astonished when you send for him." Aunt Anne looked up almost gaily.

"Yes, my love, he will be quite astonished; bless you for all your goodness. Now, my dear ones, you must permit me to depart, I shall have so many arrangements to make this evening. Bless you for all your kindness."

"I am going to take you back in a hansom," Walter said. And in a few minutes they were driving to the address she had given, — a florist's shop in a street off the Edgware Road.

"I think her rooms were on the top floor," Walter said to Florence when he returned, "for she looked up at the windows with a mournful air when we arrived. The house seemed neglected, and the shop had a dead-and-gone air; nothing in it but some decayed plants and a few stray slugs. It is my opinion that she is left in a garret all by herself, poor dear, while Wimple takes himself off to his chambers, or to his Liphook friends, and has a better time."

"He's a horrid thing."

"Floggie, do you know that he is our uncle Alfred?" Walter asked wickedly. She looked at him for a moment in bewilderment, then she understood.

"Walter," she said, "if you ever say that again I will run away from you. I shall go and write a line to Mrs. Burnett's gardener," she added, "and tell him to meet us with the pony to-morrow; she said I was to use it, and I think it would be good for Aunt Anne not to be excited with the sight of Steggalls' wagonette. I feel certain she is very unhappy."

"I don't know how she could expect to be anything else," he answered. "Poor thing, what the deuce did he marry her for? I am certain there is some mystery at the bottom of it."

Walter had divined rightly. Aunt Anne's lodging was at the top of the house. When he left her she went slowly up the dark staircase that led to it. On the landing outside her door were her two canvas-covered boxes, one on top of the other. She looked at them for a moment, half hesitatingly, as if she were thinking of the journey they would take to-morrow and of the things she must not forget to put into them. She turned the handle of

the front room door and walked in. Alfred Wimple was sitting by a cinder fire, over which he was trying to make some water boil. He looked up as she entered, but he did not rise from the broken cane-bottomed chair.

"Why were you out, Anne?" he asked severely, without giving her any sort of greeting.

"My dear one," she said excitedly going forward, "I did not dream of your being here; it is indeed a joyful surprise;" she put her hands on his shoulder and leant down. He turned his head away with a quick movement, and her kiss brushed his cheek near the ear; but she only winked secretly to herself and asked, "When did you come, my darling?"

"Two hours ago," he said in the old solemn manner. "I wanted some tea."

"I am so sorry, but I never dreamt of your coming. Are you better, my dear one?" she tried to pull the fire together with the little poker.

"I am a little better," he answered. "You will never make the water boil over that fire."

"Yes I will," and she looked into the coal-scuttle. "Have you come up to town for good, dear Alfred?" The scuttle was empty, but she found some little bits of wood and tried to make a blaze.

"I don't know; I am going back to my chambers presently to do a night's work."

"And to-morrow," she asked anxiously.

"Perhaps you will see me to-morrow," he answered. "Can you give me something to eat now? and I wish you would make a decent fire."

"I will, my dear one," she said; "if you will rest here patiently for a few minutes, I will go down-stairs and ask the landlady to let me have a scuttle of coals."

"I have no money," he said sullenly, "understand that."

"But I have, my darling," she answered joyfully, "and I am quite sure that you require nourishment. Will you let me go out and buy you a chop?"

"Give me some tea; I can get dinner on my way back."

"Won't you stay with me this evening, Alfred? I have some news for you, and I have been so lonely," and she looked round the shabby room as if to prove to him how impossible it was to find comfort in it.

"No, I can't stay," he answered shortly. "How much money have you got?"

"I have a sovereign. Walter slipped it into my glove just now. I have been to see them both, Alfred."

"What did they say about me?"

"They spoke of you most kindly, my darling," she answered, and winked very timidly.

"Why couldn't he give you more; a sovereign isn't much," Wimple said discontentedly. "I see Rammage is not coming back from Cannes just yet," he added.

"My dear," she said gravely, "you are fatigued with your journey and hungry, and it makes you unhappy. If you will excuse me a moment, I will make some little preparations for your comfort." And with the dignity that always sat so quaintly upon her, she rose from the rug and left the room. She returned in a few minutes, followed by the landlady with a scuttleful of coals. Then she made some tea, and cut some bread and butter, and set it before Alfred Wimple, all the time putting off nervously the telling of her great bit of news. She looked at him while he ate and drank, and her face showed that she was not looking at the actual man before her, but at some one she had endowed with a dozen beauties of heart and soul; she wished he could realize that he possessed them; they might have given him patience, and made him happier.

"Did you enjoy the country?" she asked gently.

"Yes," he coughed uneasily, "but I was not well. I shall go there again soon."

"What do you do all day?" she asked. "Have you any society?" He was silent for a moment, as if struggling with the destitution of speech that always beset him.

"I can't give you an account of all my days, Anne," he said, and turned to the fire.

"I did not ask it, Alfred; you know that I never intrude upon your privacy. I had some news," she went on with a pathetic note in her voice, "and hoped it would be pleasing to you."

"What is it? The expression of his face had not changed for a moment from the one of sulky displeasure it had worn when she entered; and her manner betrayed a certain nervousness, as if she felt that he was with her against his will, and only by gentle propitiation could she keep him at all.

"Walter and Florence have offered to lend us their cottage at Witley. We can go to it to-morrow—if it is convenient to you, Alfred," she added meekly.

"I shall not go there," he said sullenly, and for a moment he looked her full in the face with his dull eyes.

"I thought the air of that locality was always beneficial to you."

"Thank you, I don't wish to go to that 'locality,' and be laughed at." He half mocked her as he spoke.

"Why should you be laughed at?" she asked, with almost a cry of pain in her voice, for she well knew what the answer would be beforehand; but the words were forced from her; she could not help them. He coughed and looked at her again.

"People generally laugh at a young man who marries an old woman, Anne." She got up and went to the end of the room and came back again, and put her hand upon his shoulder.

"There is no one there to laugh," she said. "There is no one there to know. We need not keep any society." She did not see the absurdity of the last remark, and made it quite gravely. "There are only a few people in the neighborhood at all, and those of an inferior class. It does not matter what they think."

"It matters to me what every one thinks."

"We cannot remain here much longer," she went on. "The landlady was most impertinent to-day. I think Florence and Walter would help to pay her if we went to the cottage to-morrow. They said they would arrange everything."

"It is a long way from Liphook," he said almost to himself; "if any one saw us, they wouldn't suspect that we were married. They would think you were my aunt perhaps."

"They may think what they please, Alfred," she answered, "if you are only with me." Then her voice changed. "My dear one, I cannot bear life unless you are gentle to me," she pleaded, "and I cannot bear it here alone any longer, always away from you day after day. I am your wife, Alfred, and if I am an old woman, I love you with all the years I remember, and all the love that has been stored up in me since my youth. I want to be near you, to take care of you, to see that you have comforts. You can say I am your aunt if it pleases you. I never feel that I am your wife; only that it is my great privilege to be near you and to serve you." She stopped as if unable to go on, and he was silent a moment or two before he answered.

"I think it might be a good idea; as you say, there is no one about there to know."

"Are you ashamed of me?"

"I don't want to look ridiculous."

Then a flash came into her eyes, and the old spirit asserted itself.

"Alfred," she said, "if you do not love me, I think at least you should learn to treat me with respect. If I am so distasteful to you we had better separate. I cannot go on bearing all that I have borne patiently for months. Let me go to Florence and Walter, they will be kind to me, and I will never be a burden upon you. The allowance that William Ram-mage gives me would keep me in comfort alone, and it struck me the other day, that when he dies perhaps he will leave me something."

He looked at her with sudden alarm. The cowed look seemed to have gone from her face to his, and as she saw it she gathered strength, and went on, "I cannot be insulted, Alfred," she said, "I cannot and will not."

"Don't be foolish, Anne," he said, "I am irritable sometimes, and I am not strong —"

"That is why I have borne so much from you."

"I will go to Witley with you," he went on, ignoring her remark altogether; "that is if you like, and can raise the money to go. I have none."

#### CHAPTER XVI.

"FISHER was quite pleased when I asked him if we could get off to Monte Carlo next week," Walter told Florence a little later.

"Wasn't he shocked at your gambling propensities?"

"Not a bit. He looked as if he would like to go too. He said in rather a pompous manner," — and Walter imitated his editor exactly — "'Certainly, certainly; I think, Hibbert, your wife deserves a little treat of some sort after your long absence in the winter, and I am very glad if it is in my power to help you to give it to her.' He looked like the king of the cannibal islands making an act of parliament all by himself."

"You are a ridiculous dear."

"Thank you, Floggie. Fisher's a nice old chap, and I am very fond of him."

"Do you know," said Florence, in rather a shocked tone, "Ethel Dunlop said one day that she believed he looked upon himself as a sort of minor Providence."

"Well, he does go about minor Providencing a good deal, which reminds me that he said he was coming in a day or two, to ask you to take him out to buy a wedding present for Ethel."

"He'll buy her a Crown Derby tea-set,

or a sugar basin with a very large pair of tongs, see if he doesn't. Ethel said he ought to have married Aunt Anne."

"He would have been a thousand times better than Wimple. I wonder how those gay young people are getting on at Witley, and whether they want anything more before we start."

"I think they must be all right at present," Florence said, "we sent them a good big box of stores when they went to the cottage; and I know you gave her a little money, dear Walter, and we paid up her debts, so that she cannot be worried. Then of course she has her hundred a year from Sir William to fall back upon, and Mr. Wimple probably has something."

"Oh, yes, I suppose they are all right; besides I don't feel too generous towards that beggar Wimple."

"I should think not," Florence said virtuously. "Do you know, Walter, once or twice it has struck me that perhaps he won't live; he doesn't look strong, and he is always complaining. Aunt Anne said that he wanted constant change of air."

"Oh, yes, I remember she said Liphook was 'beneficial' to him."

"If he died she would have her allowance and be free."

"No such luck," said Walter. "Besides, if he died, there would be nowhere for him to go to — he'd have to come back again. Heaven wouldn't have him, and after all he isn't quite bad enough for the devil to use his coals upon."

"Walter, you mustn't talk in that way, you mustn't indeed," and she put her hand over his mouth again.

"All right," he said, struggling to get free, "beg pardon, Floggie, I won't do it again."

Mr. Fisher duly arrived the next afternoon. He was a little breathless, though he carefully tried to conceal it, and wore the air of deference but decision which he always thought the right one to assume to women. With much gravity he and Florence set out to buy the wedding present. It resolved itself into a silver butter-dish with a silver cow on the lid, though Florence tried hard to make him choose a set of apostle spoons.

"A butter-dish will be much more useful, my dear lady."

"It will be very useful," Florence echoed, though she feared that Ethel would be a little disappointed when she saw the cow.

"And now," said Mr. Fisher in a benevolent voice, as they left the silversmith's

in Bond Street, "we are close to Gunter's, if you would do me the honor to eat an ice?"

"I will do you the honor with great pleasure," and she thought to herself, "his manner really is like Aunt Anne's this afternoon. If she had only married him instead of that horrid Mr. Wimple we could have called him uncle with pleasure." She sat eating her very large strawberry ice, while he tasted his at intervals as if he were rather afraid of it.

"Did the white cockatoo die?" she asked. He almost started, he was so surprised at the question.

"The white cockatoo?"

"You spoke of it last year — that night when Mrs. Baines dined with us."

"I remember now," he said solemnly; "yes, it died, Mrs. Hibbert. For five years it was perhaps my most intimate friend, and the companion of my solitude."

"Why did it die?"

"It pulled a door-mat to pieces, and we fear it swallowed some of the fibre. My housekeeper, who is a severe woman, beat it with her gloves and it did not recover." He spoke as if he were recounting a tragedy, and became so silent that Florence felt she had ventured on an unlucky topic. But it was always rather difficult to make conversation for Mr. Fisher when she was alone with him; there were so few things he cared to discuss with a woman. Politics he considered beyond her, on literary matters he thought she could form no opinion, and society was a frivolity it was as well not to encourage her to consider too much. Suddenly a happy thought struck her.

"I am so happy about our holiday, Mr. Fisher," she said; "it is a long time since Walter and I had a real one together."

"I am delighted that it has been arranged. I feel sure that Walter will enjoy it with so charming a companion," he answered with an effort of gallantry that touched her.

"I wish you were going to have a holiday too, with some one you liked," she said.

"My dear lady," and he gave a little sigh as he spoke, "I fear the only society I am fitted for is my own."

"Oh, no, you are much too modest," and she tried to laugh. "Some day I hope to buy you a butter-dish. I shall like going to get it so much, dear Mr. Fisher."

"I think not," he answered almost sadly.

"Ethel says you have been very kind to her about George," Florence said in a low voice, for she was almost afraid to refer to it, "but you are kind to everybody."

Mr. Fisher turned and looked at her with a grateful expression in his clear, mild eyes; but she knew that he did not want to make any other answer. Gradually he put on his editorial manner as if to ward off more intimate conversation, and when he left her at the door of her house, for he refused to come in, she felt, as she looked after him, that she had been present at the ending of the last little bit of romance in his life.

Florence and Walter were in high spirits when they started for their holiday.

"Two days in Paris," he said as they drove to the hotel, "and then we'll crawl down France towards the south, and I will introduce you to the Mediterranean Sea. It's a pity we can only eat one dinner a night, considering the number of good ones there are to be had here. To be sure, if we manage carefully, we can do a little supper on the Boulevard afterwards; still that hardly counts. But I don't think we can stay any longer, dear Floggie, even to turn you into a Parisian."

Forty-eight hours later saw them in the express for Marseille, where they stayed a night in order to get the coast scenery by daylight, as they went on to Monte Carlo.

"It's a wonderful city," Walter said, with a sigh, as they strolled under the trees on the Prado. "The Jew, and the Turk, and the infidel, and every other manner of man has passed through it in his turn. Doesn't it suggest all sorts of pictures to you, darling?"

"Yes," she answered a little absently, "only I was thinking of Monty and Catty."

"We ought to wait a day and go to see Monte Cristo's prison."

"Yes," but she was not very eager. Her thoughts were with her children. Walter was always able to enjoy things, and to garnish them with the right memories. "I wonder if we shall find letters from home when we get to Monte Carlo," she added.

"I hope so," he answered gently, but he said no more about the associations of Marseille.

As they were leaving the big hotel on the Cannebière the next morning, a lady entered it. She had evidently just arrived; her luggage was being carried in.

"I shall be here three nights," they

heard her say to the manageress. "I leave for England on Thursday morning."

At the sound of her voice Florence turned round, but she had gone towards the staircase. The Hibberts had to catch their train, and could not wait.

"It was Mrs. North, Walter," Florence said, as they drove to the station; "I wish I could have spoken to her. She looked a lonely little figure entering that big hotel."

"But there was no time," he answered; "if we lost our train we should virtually lose a day."

"I wonder why she has come here?"

"The ways of women are inscrutable."

"I meant to have written and told her about Aunt Anne, but I had so much to do before we left London that I really forgot it."

"You might send her a line from Monte Carlo; you heard her say that she was to be at Marseille three days; and then perhaps it would be better to leave her alone."

"I should like to write to her just once, for I am afraid I was not very kind that day; but she took me by surprise."

"Very well, then, write to her from Monte Carlo. It will give her an idea that we are not such terrible patterns of virtue ourselves, and perhaps she'll find that a consolation; but I don't see what more we can do for her. It is very difficult to help a woman in her position. She has put out to sea in an open boat, and even if she doesn't get wrecked every craft she runs against is sure to hurt her."

The letter was duly written and sent to the hotel at Marseille. It found Mrs. North sitting alone in her big room on the first floor. She was beside the open window watching the great lighted cafés, and the happy people gathered in little groups round the tables on the pavement.

"Oh, what a pity it is," she said to herself, "that we cannot remember. I always feel as if we had lived since the beginning and shall go on till the end — if end there is; but if one only had a memory to match how wonderful it would be. If I could but see this place just once as it was hundreds of years ago, with the Greek people walking about and the city rising up about them. Now it looks so thoroughly awake with its great new buildings and horrible improvements, but if it ever sleeps how wonderful its dreams must be. If one could get inside them and see it all as it once was." She turned her face longingly towards the port at the far end of the Cannebière. "I am so hungry to see everything, and to know everything," she

said to herself, "so hungry for all the things I have never had — I wonder if I shall die soon — I can't go on living like this, longing and waiting and hoping and grasping nothing — I wish I could see the water. If I had courage I would drive down and look at it — or walk past those people sitting out on the pavement, and go down to the sea. There might be a ship sailing by towards England, and I should know how his ship will look if it ever sails by. Or a ship going on towards India, and I could look after it knowing that every moment it was getting nearer and nearer to him. To-morrow I will find out precisely where the P. & O.'s sail from for Bombay; then I shall be able to guess what it all looked like when he set his foot on board a year ago. Oh! thank God, I may think of him now — that I am free — that it is not wickedness any longer to think of him, or to love him," she added, with almost a sob.

She got up and looked round the room. It was nearly dark. She could see the outline of the furniture and of her own figure dimly reflected in the long glass of the wardrobe.

"The place is so full of shadows they frighten me. But I am frightened at everything." She flung herself down on the couch at the foot of the bed. "I wonder if the people who have always done right ever for a moment imagine that the people who have done wrong can suffer as much — oh, a thousand times more than themselves. They seem to imagine that sin is a sort of armor against suffering, and it does not matter how many blows are administered to those who have gone off the beaten track." She pillowed her head on her arms and watched the moving reflection of the light from the street. In imagination she stared through it at the long years before her, wondering almost in terror how they would be filled. "I am so young," she thought, "and I may live so long" — there was a knock at her bedroom door.

"Come in," she cried, thankful for any interruption.

"A letter for madame."

"For me!" She seized it with feverish haste and looked at the direction by the window while the candles were being lighted. "I declare," she said, when the door was closed behind the garçon, "it is from the immaculate Mrs. Hibbert. May the saints have guarded her from contamination while she wrote it to me." Her happy spirits flashed back, and the weary woman of five minutes ago was a light-hearted girl again.



"It is rather a nice letter," she said, and propped up the wicks of the flickering candles with the corner of the envelope. "I believe she wrote merely out of kindness; it proves that there is some generosity in even the most virtuous heart. I'll write to the old lady——" she stopped and reflected for a minute or two. "Poor old lady, she was very good to me, she was like a mother—no woman has called me 'my love' since she went away." She walked up and down the room for a moment, and looked out again at the wide street and the flashing lights. Suddenly she seized her blotting-book, and knelt down by the table in the impulsive manner that characterized her. "I'll write at once," she said. "Of course it will shock her sweet old nerves, but I know she'll be glad to hear from me though she won't own it even to herself:"—

"DEAREST OLD LADY,—I have been longing to know what had become of you. I only heard a little while ago that you were a happy bride, and I have just succeeded in getting your address. A thousand congratulations. I hope you are very much in love, and that Mr. Wimple is truly charming. He is indeed a most fortunate man and to be greatly envied by the rest of his sex.

"I fear you will be shocked to hear that Mr. North has divorced me. I never loved him, you know. I told you that when you were so angry with me that day in Cornwall Gardens, and it was not my fault that I married him. I have been very miserable, and I don't suppose I shall ever be happy again. But the world is a large place, and I am going to wander about; I have always longed to see the whole of it; now I shall go to the east and the west and the north and the south like a wandering Jewess. But before I start on these expeditions I shall be in England for a few weeks and should like to see you. Would you see me? I don't suppose you would come near me or let me go near you, though I should like to put my head down on your shoulder and feel your kind old arms round me again.

"I am afraid you have eaten up all your wedding-cake, dear old lady, and even if you have any left you would no doubt think it far too good for the likes of me. I wonder if you would accept a very little wedding present from me, for I should so much like to send you one? My love to you and many felicitations to both you and Mr. Wimple.

"Yours always,  
"E. NORTH."

When it was finished her excitement gave way, her spirits ran down, she went wearily back to the sofa and pillowed her head on her arms once more. "I wonder what the next incident will be, and how many days and nights it is off." She shut her eyes and in thought hurried down the street to the old port. She saw the masts of ships and the moving water and the passing lights in the distance. "Oh, God!" she said to herself, "how terrible it is to think that the land is empty for me from end to end. Though I walked over every mile of it I should never see his face or hear his voice, and there is not a heart in the whole of it that cares one single jot for me. And the great sea is there, and the ships going on and on and not a soul on board one of them who knows that I live or cares if I die. It frightens me and stuns me and frightens me again. I am so hungry, and longing, and eager for the utter impossibilities. Oh, my darling, if you had only trusted me, if you could have believed that the sin was outside me and not in my heart, I would have been so good, I would have made myself the best woman on earth so that I might give you the best love that ever Heaven sent into human heart." There was another knock at the door, and something like a cry escaped from her lips.

"Come in," and again the garçon entered with a letter. This time it was a thick packet.

"This is also for madame," he said, "it is from England." She waited until the door had closed behind him before she opened it.

The envelope contained a dozen enclosures. They looked like bills and circulars sent on from her London address. Among them was a telegram.

"I suppose it's nothing," she said, as with trembling hands she opened it. It was from Bombay, and contained three words,—

"Sailing in Deccan."

She fell down on her knees by the table, and putting her face in her hands, burst into passionate weeping.

"Oh, dear God," she prayed, "forgive me and be merciful to me. I have not meant to do wrong, I have only longed to be happy. Oh, dear Father, let me be so. I will try to do right all my life long and to make him do right too, only let him love me still. I have never been happy, let me be happy now. I have suffered so, I have suffered so. Oh, dear God, is it not enough? Forgive me, and let me be happy."



From The Nineteenth Century.

## THE STORY OF AN UNHAPPY QUEEN.

FEW stories embodying so much of interest and romance, and withal so much of historical prominence, have remained more obscure and uncertain in many facts and details than that of the Königsmarck tragedy, which stained the name and fame of the Hanoverian court in the year 1694. Sift matters which way we will, doubt rests upon many of the particulars, and, indeed, principally upon the all-important question of the relations that existed between Königsmarck and Sophia Dorothea, the ill-starred daughter of the duke of Celle, and the consort of George Louis of Hanover, afterwards our George the First. One may always safely assume that the world's ill-nature will outrun any one's misdeeds; therefore, it is no wonder that the general belief was that she was unfaithful to her churlish and cruel husband. Her guilt has, however, not been proved, and, while the cynic and detractor may, if they please, assume the existence of misconduct, it is equally open to the charitable minority to believe that, in spite of her miserable and neglected life, she remained true to her marriage-vow — at any rate, there are no more proofs of the one postulate than of the other.

The marriage of the ill-assorted pair was negotiated by the two brothers: Ernst August, then duke of Hanover, on the one hand, desiring that the large fortune possessed by his elder brother, the duke of Celle, should eventually pass to his branch of the family, while the latter, with the brilliant possibility of the British crown glittering on the horizon of the future, longed to secure to his daughter so splendid a position. Ernst August was eagerly seconded in his efforts by his unscrupulous wife, Sophia, afterwards the famous electress of Hanover. It mattered little that ever since the child's birth she had regarded her with jealousy and dislike; these sentiments, she found, had to yield to the exigencies of her greed; and it must be acknowledged that the position was exceptional and peculiar.

In order to make the family arrangements of the brothers plain, it will be as well to state here their relative circumstances. When their father, Duke George, died, he left four sons — viz., Christian Louis, who succeeded to the duchy of Celle; George William, who became duke of Hanover; John Frederick, and Ernst August. Christian Louis died in 1665, when his next brother, George William, became duke of Celle, and John Fred-

erick became duke of Hanover, and, when he died, in 1679, Ernst August, in his turn, succeeded to that duchy.

Sophia, Ernst August's wife, was the daughter of Elizabeth, queen of Bohemia — that beautiful and unhappy princess who in her own life and person continued to experience the long series of misfortunes that dogged the footsteps of the Stuarts. She was the youngest child of her parents, and was endowed with rare gifts and intellectual powers. In the days of their early manhood she had won the admiration of both brothers, and George William, then duke of Hanover, had offered her his hand, which she gladly accepted. Very shortly after his betrothal, however, he revolted against the prospective bonds of matrimony, and, in his eager desire to escape, bribed his younger brother, Ernst August, to assume them in his stead. Ernst August, who was at this time possessed of neither dukedom nor estates, was by no means loth to listen to his brother's proposal, and Sophia, who was a very clever, practical woman, was quite ready to accommodate herself to any contingency that presented itself to her as an advantageous one. A sceptic in matters religious, of cultivated intellect, discerning, sarcastic, observant, she confronted the intricacies of life with a due regard to expediency rather than to any other consideration. At this crisis, therefore, she showed herself ready to adapt herself to the altered state of the duke of Hanover's mind, and when the suggestion was made by him that Ernst August should take his place as her betrothed, and on this condition enjoy the major part of the Hanoverian revenues, he (George William) binding himself never to marry at all, so as to secure the succession to his brother, she not only showed not the smallest pique at thus being allotted and dealt with as a part of the movables, but she assured her brother, the elector palatine, who was somewhat staggered at the arrangement, that as far as she was concerned, so as she obtained a good establishment, it mattered not in the least which of the two brothers she married. Things having arrived at this satisfactory stage, the contract was signed and the marriage was solemnized.

Although George William's affection did not go the length of desiring Sophia in marriage, yet he was sufficiently drawn towards her to find her companionship and a joint home with her and with his brother very pleasant and acceptable. Sophia had always commanded his admi-

ration, and her *esprit*, vivacity, and wit proved a great attraction to him, while Ernst August, who was genuinely in love with his wife, suffered considerably with the pangs of jealousy; but he need have been under no apprehensions on this score, for Sophia had at this time a sincere regard for her husband, and besides, never, at any time of her life, did her heart play a prominent part in her history — her head had always complete ascendancy; and thus George William's presence was by no means a source of danger to her.

In 1662 the Cardinal Archbishop of Wartenburg and Bishop of Osnaburg died, and Ernst August became, in accordance with the Treaty of Westphalia, Bishop of Osnaburg, and thither he and Sophia betook themselves, and there lived for seventeen years, when they took possession of the dukedom of Hanover.

Bereft of the companionship of his sister-in-law, George William, now forty years old, began once more to travel about the world and to visit other courts, and at Hesse he fell in with the Princesse de Tarante, and desperately in love with her lady-in-waiting, Eleanore d'Olbreuse. The latter was the daughter of a gentleman of noble birth in Poitou — one of the many French exiles who had fled from France at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Eleanore was aware that his rank was too far above her own for there to be a question of marriage between them, but, though she reciprocated his feelings, she was not one who could be easily annexed to the ducal establishment, and for a long time she refused his advances. Sophia, like many another penetrating and acute person, failed in discrimination where her own vanity was concerned, and she believed that the influence that she had once wielded over her brother-in-law was an established and permanent one, and wholly unlikely to be nullified by any other. Far, therefore, from entertaining any fears that the *liaison* might prove a dangerous one in her interests, she believed that it would act as an additional protection against his contracting a legitimate one. It is true that she regarded this last contingency as a very remote one; still, she had never been quite free from the uncomfortable suspicion that the extraordinary renunciation of his rights at the time of her marriage with his brother was not as indisputably binding as its legal phraseology betokened. She therefore resolved to try to procure for him the realization of his wishes. Some accounts assert that a morganatic marriage

was solemnized in 1665; but it is a fact that no ceremony whatever took place, or, as Sophia sarcastically put it, "the ceremony was a silent one." A *liaison* unsanctioned by the church it undoubtedly was. "Religious-minded persons," said the perspicuous and epigrammatic Sophia, in all of whose observations sparkle grains of wit and humor, "consider this as a marriage before God, which I very much prefer to its being so considered before man." In 1666 Eleanore gave birth to a daughter, but before this time Sophia had begun to entertain doubts as to the wisdom of her actions in bringing these two together. She had expected to find in Eleanore a subservient follower, grateful for past favors, and submissive to her wishes, and behold, she was, in spite of her equivocal position, a dignified lady, an independent thinker, and an accomplished intellectual rival.

When John Frederick died and Ernst August succeeded to Hanover, transferring himself and his court thither, the two families were brought into much closer proximity. By this time George William had married the mother of his child, and thus sealed a perpetual code of warfare between the two branches of the family. As it was an accomplished fact, however, the duke and duchess of Hanover agreed that so rich an inheritance had better not be lost to them and to their heirs by reason of any false pride, so they resolved to do their best to bring about an alliance between their son and the daughter of the despised Eleanore d'Olbreuse, and, after a good deal of manœuvring, an engagement was formed between the cousins. Sophia Dorothea had been well and carefully brought up; she was of high spirit, happy temperament, and joyous nature; and when she was sixteen there were many aspirants for her hand amongst the princely houses of Europe. That Philippe von Königsmarck was a *prétendant*, and one favored by the young girl herself, we think there is little doubt, and he was a frequent visitor at the court of Celle.

Philippe's family was neither insignificant nor obscure. His father and grandfather had distinguished themselves in the wars of Europe; the latter, a German by birth, having placed his sword at the disposal of the king of Sweden, and crowned a long and brilliant career by the capture of Prague; while the former fought for the Venetian Republic, and was named *Generalissimo* by the Venetians. The Königsmarck family were noteworthy

examples of one of the characteristics of the age—viz., the eagerness with which men sundered the ties of country and kindred and gave their services to foreign sovereigns, and were not infrequently thus compelled to fight against their own. The young Königsmarcks—for there were two—were well known and eagerly welcomed at most of the European courts; indeed, the young cavaliers, Charles and Philippe, were renowned in their own persons for their deeds of valor, their dexterity in feats of arms, their extraordinary beauty, their lively wit, and their high-bred gallantry. Charles, the elder, achieved an unpleasant notoriety in London by designing and decreeing the murder of Mr. Thynne—a deed from the fatal punishment of which he was rescued by the intervention of the English monarch; and he afterwards laid down his life on the battle-field, in the attempt to redeem his blighted honor.

There is no doubt that the foundation of Philippe's unhappy love was laid at Celle. Sophia Dorothea's resistance to her father's will was useless, and she was compelled to become the wife of a prince who was in after-days to justify her feelings of antipathy.

Every member of the family of the house of Hanover was brave, and Prince George was no exception to the rule. When but fifteen, he fought at Cosnabrock, and later on he served in many campaigns, and distinguished himself in them. But neither military prowess nor adventures, neither youth nor any other quality, could break down the stolid reticence of his apathetic nature. Taciturn, moody, and sullen, he possessed neither the charm of manner to touch the feelings of a young girl, nor the warmth of heart that would have made him naturally desirous of doing so. He simply accepted the situation as one of political necessity. Cold and calculating, selfish and imperturbable, every gracious attribute of youth was wanting in his character. During their engagement he showed her none of the attentions of a lover, and, indeed, little of the courtesy of a gentleman. What wonder that the prospect before her repulsed and mortified her? Brought up at Celle, the centre of a loving circle, the pride of her father, the idol of her mother, her unclouded youth was but an ill preparation for the stormy days that wrecked her life. But even the cold impartiality of a curious and scrutinizing posterity hesitates unflinchingly to pronounce her guilty, although Thackeray dismisses the

doubt in a few contemptuous sentences, in his otherwise delightful and interesting account of the doings in Hanover in the days of the electors.

At the time of Sophia Dorothea's marriage in 1682 there lived in a somewhat invidious position—at least we should think so in these days—two sisters of whose origin and experiences a few words must be said. Elizabeth and Catherine were the daughters of a certain Count Meissenburg, who, whether of high or humble origin, will here be best described as a *chevalier d'industrie*. His two daughters were both beautiful, both manœuvring, both wise in their generation, and both shared the propensities and ambition of their father; and, after much travelling about in different countries, their pecuniary resources being well-nigh exhausted, they had all several years before this time betaken themselves to the lively little court of Osnaburg, where they met with so much appreciation that, about the year 1663, they took up their abode there, and we hear no more of their father, who, we conclude, having found a refuge for his daughters, left them to work out their own fortunes under the pastoral care and vigilance of the Bishop of Osnaburg. Elizabeth, the elder, was twenty-one at this time. She was tall and handsome, with a brilliant complexion, and bold, black eyes, and her conversation was lively and witty. She was obsequious and servile to her superiors, and arrogant and insolent to her inferiors. Messrs. Platen and Busche filled the posts of governors to two of the young princes, and whether they fell victims to the charms of these very intriguing young ladies, or whether they shrewdly availed themselves of the possibilities of the situation, we know not; all we do know is that M. Platen married Elizabeth and M. Busche espoused the other; that henceforward they were attached to the episcopal court at Osnaburg, and followed it when it removed to Hanover; that Elizabeth became the reigning favorite with Ernst August; and that the *mari complaisant* rose higher and higher at court, until he found himself a count, and chamberlain to his master.

Of Ernst August's conjugal infidelities—provided they did not interfere with the exercise of her will and pleasure, or with her political influence—Sophia was not in the least jealous; and it is likely that the absence of this inconvenient but common propensity riveted her sway over her husband more effectually than the pres-

ence of many a nobler trait would have done. But Ernst August had enough good sense to rely on the wisdom of her counsels, and thus it was that Sophia had no objection to Madame von Platen enjoying the monopoly of what it is quite possible Ernst August called his heart, provided that *her* head was permitted to rule the duchy. George Louis stood in the same relationship to Busche and his wife as did his father to Platen and his; but George had just decency enough to dismiss Madame de Busche before his wife's arrival at Hanover.

We hear but few details concerning the young princess in the early days of her residence there. It was impossible for the most fastidious to criticise her manner, which was full of grace and courtesy. Dignified, and at the same time cordial to such of her father-in-law's court as were worthy of her regard, to Madame von Platen she extended the coldest and most distant of recognitions. At this time the elector showed his beautiful though somewhat alarming daughter-in-law a consideration and respect that he was not in the habit of according to others, and for this reason Madame von Platen dared not at first display the resentment and rancor that the superiority of the newly arrived princess caused her to experience. Sophia Dorothea's pure mind and simple dignity, and her respectful submission to her husband's relations, won insensibly the temporary regard of her mother-in-law; and George himself, though it is impossible to say that he loved her, at all events felt a kind of pride in and lethargic admiration of her superiority, while Madame von Platen watched the growing influence of the youthful princess with angry jealousy. The birth of a son (afterwards George the Second) changed the current of her life, and she became for a time happier in her uncongenial home than she had ever hoped to be.

The star of Hanover seemed to be in the ascendant at this time, and the dignity of elector was granted to Ernst August, while the chances of the British crown becoming vested in the electress appeared to be increasing. Time went on, and Countess Platen's influence over the elector did not diminish. Unscrupulous and false, no means were too base whereby to obtain her ends; and modern and ancient history too must be very diligently passed in review before so depraved and demoralized, so corrupt and debased a nature will present itself for the student's consideration. Sophia Doro-

thea did not possess the art of dissimulation; and the contempt and disgust that she felt for her enemy were not disguised; neither, unfortunately, did she veil her sentiments when conversing with others; and Madame von Platen resolved, if it were in any way possible, to compass the ruin of the woman she hated. The contest was an unequal one. Elizabeth von Platen was endowed with unscrupulousness, with violent passions, with an unrelenting hatred of all who opposed her, and, lastly, with the full confidence of the elector, and with what, for want of a better or worse name, we will call his love. Her detestation of the princess knew no bounds; jealousy, fury at the manner in which she knew she had expressed herself concerning her, her youth, her beauty, her dignity—all combined to bring Sophia Dorothea within the scope of Madame von Platen's poisonous malevolence. On the other hand the princess stood alone in her unguarded youth; her husband's admiration was not of long duration; but she went upon her way rejoicing in the sole happiness that was permitted her—that of the care and love of her children—dangerously indifferent to the perils that beset her path, and haughtily ignoring the venomous serpent that hissed at her feet. Soon Madame von Platen began to intrigue for the return of her sister, hoping that the latter might regain some of her old influence over the electoral prince, and thus destroy one that she dreaded and feared. But Catherine had lost all her power over her former lover, so Madame von Platen turned her mind to another scheme. To beauty, wit, and refinement George was wholly callous, and his wife's superiority, if it pleased him at first, now bored and oppressed him. He therefore sought relief in the society of one of the ugliest and most ungainly ladies of the court, one Melusine von Schulenburg, whose leanness and general gawkiness had won for her the sobriquet of "the May-pole," together with the half-surprised, half-amused amazement of his mother—not so much at his disloyalty to his young wife, as at the selection he had made in a mistress. We may, however, remind ourselves that George was not prejudiced in favor of leanness only, for we have Horace Walpole's graphic and emphatic description of Lady Darlington, whose tendencies are wholly in the other direction; and when he landed in England, to take possession of his throne, and drove to London in his gilded coach surrounded by his seraglio, the mob that had assembled to



gaze, to shout, and to criticise was shocked at, and much more disagreeably affected by, its hideous component parts than at the immorality of the existence of such an appanage.

It was not long before the new liaison became known to all the Hanoverian society—a scandal soon becomes every one's property—and the meetings which took place at the house of the Platens became the talk of the town. With the coarse indifference which the prince habitually displayed to the more refined usages of society, he talked openly of his connection with Melusine, and although Sophia Dorothea may not have been wounded in heart by his infidelity she was bitterly mortified by the unconcealed insult, while Madame von Platen looked on and rejoiced at every stab that was inflicted on her rival's pride.

About this time an event took place that was destined to have a serious effect on the fortunes of Sophia Dorothea; but we are not told by what evil chance or unhappy design it befell that Philippe von Königsmarck entered the service of the elector of Hanover. The understanding that probably had once existed between him and the princess was suspected by all the court, and when the young colonel first made his appearance, all eyes were turned upon her, the well-known relations of her husband and herself adding interest to the scrutiny. Attired in the brilliant uniform of the Hanoverian Guard, Philippe von Königsmarck entered the state-chamber where the court was assembled with all the self-possession and audacity which formed a part of the charm which he flung over those with whom he came in contact. His tall and comely figure, his face bronzed by the suns of his various campaigns, his haughty eye, his dignified and courteous manners, all commanded the admiration of the whole assembly, and when he made his obeisance to the princess he neither flinched nor faltered. But Elizabeth von Platen—how shall we describe the effect that had the appearance upon her of the handsome young soldier of twenty-seven years? She had arrived with the intention of watching for signs of emotion on both their parts, in the hope of getting more grist for the mill in which she expected to grind Sophia Dorothea, but on the entry of Philippe she was so struck with admiration at the young man's beauty and at his distinguished air that, for a time, at any rate, she occupied herself no more with Sophia Dorothea. No one—be it man or woman—was ever uncon-

scious of making such an effect upon another as did Philippe von Königsmarck on Elizabeth von Platen; therefore, we may be sure that the former (who was nothing if not vain) was fully alive to his conquest. Civility costs nothing, and buys most things; therefore, if he did not reciprocate her admiration, he at any rate received with smiles and gallantry the homage offered up at his shrine.

Meanwhile the princess, in spite of her outward calm was agitated and miserable—was it possible that she should be otherwise? All the events of her early youth crowded into her remembrance—her joyous childhood, her heavy sorrows, the happy hours she had spent in Philippe's society—and all this time he made no sign! He seemed to have no recollection of the old days, and before he had been long at Hanover he passed rapidly from one stage of intimacy with Madame von Platen to another. Every one, except the elector, was aware of the nature of the liaison, and Sophia Dorothea watched them with indignation and amazement. She had one faithful and affectionate follower in the person of one of her ladies, Mademoiselle von Knesbeck, and it is likely that she confided her sorrows to her; at all events, she was *au fait* of them at the time of which we are speaking. What had really passed between the princess and Philippe in the old days we have no means of ascertaining, but it is certain that the poor princess suffered untold agonies in every feeling that a woman holds dear—in the remembrance of her former love, in the indifference and insults of her husband, in the mortification of beholding one whom she, alas! had never ceased to remember with tenderness and affection apparently in the toils of her relentless enemy; all plunged her into a sea of agony and despair.

It is probable that Philippe came to Hanover filled with the hope of inspiring the princess with renewed love for himself, and grasped the opportunity that offered itself of entering the Hanoverian service; still, the springs of action can seldom be traced to all their sources, and it is probable that this tragedy, like many another, owed its evolution to minor accidents and conditions which, as frequently happens, tend to one end. Skilled as was Königsmarck in all manner of deception and intrigue, he was no match for the depraved and wicked woman to whom he had become an object of passion, and with whom he was measuring hearts and swords. If his weapons were keen, hers were poisoned, and

such love as she cherished for the young Adonis could be — and was — easily turned to hatred. He was carried further than he intended in his relations with her — such liaisons are not easily kept under control — and the too obvious trouble and anxiety of the princess were not displeasing to him. He was constantly in her mind, which was in a state little short of martyrdom, and his own heart beat with a renewal of the old love. A secret understanding was established between them; letters passed; interviews took place — although Mademoiselle von Knesbeck, in her memoirs (which, however, we have not been fortunate enough to obtain) earnestly insists on the innocence of the liaison, and asserts that she was always present at their meetings. Königsmarck, she says, often related to them the history of his adventures; he was remarkably clever and amusing, and an excellent *raconteur*. He ridiculed the whole court, sparing neither the elector nor Madame von Platen, while Sophia Dorothea, who was full of appreciative humor, enjoyed the stories and anecdotes of the nimble-witted Philippe, who was in the habit of illustrating them with mimicry, in which accomplishment he was an adept. Sophia Dorothea was in so miserable a plight at Hanover that it would have been almost past the power of human endurance to suffer the dreariness and solitude of her position, and yet turn aside from the hand of sympathy and affection that was extended to her. Soon, however, Madame von Platen suspected the intimacy. She employed spies, and, although she obtained intelligence of their correspondence and of their meetings, she could not procure proofs of what she sought to discover and to reveal, and, as her jealousy increased, her resolution to ruin the princess became more and more pronounced. Philippe now began to realize that his position demanded the utmost care and circumspection, while Madame von Platen pursued her plans with the elector, guiding them into the channel into which she desired them to flow. The latter was wholly unsuspecting of her own relations with the young count, but she became so convinced of his falseness to herself, that she lost no time in announcing to Ernst August, not what she knew, but what she was resolved he should believe. Ernst August was a man who avoided, as much as he was able, all the annoyances and disagreeables of life, and it was in vain that she sought to rouse him to the execution of some violent deed. All that he would consent to do

was to banish the offender — a punishment that she by no means approved. She dared not, however, cavil at the sentence, and the count was commanded to appear before the elector. "I know all," he said as Philippe stood before him, amazed and silent; "I will not enter into any explanation with you, but you must at once leave Hanover, and remember that you are being treated with the utmost leniency." Astonished and dismayed, Philippe could only obey. He quitted Hanover, ostensibly on leave, and furnished with a kindly letter from Ernst August to the elector of Saxony, giving him we know not what excuse for the sudden resolve, and to Dresden Philippe betook himself. Here we must leave him for a while, and return to follow the fortunes of the princess, and watch the shadows that were gathering about her. Her position must be considered: she was not only friendless and alone, but at the mercy of her foe, and in the midst of enemies and spies. She may have — she probably did — corresponded with Philippe, but, in whatever she did amiss, it was but the natural development of a miserable position, into which she had been thrust through no fault of her own. She took her accustomed place at court, but the elector and electress hardly ever addressed her, and she was, as it were, ostracized; while an ominous calm, such as precedes a tempest, reigned over all the society, and Sophia Dorothea remained proudly isolated from them all. Such a condition of things could not last long. Maddened by her solitude, she commenced a correspondence with the Duke of Wolfenbüttel, resolving to throw herself on his generosity, to take refuge at his court, and from thence to commence an action for a divorce. In her ignorance of the ways of the world, she resolved to communicate her intentions to Philippe and enlist his aid, and she wrote at once to him at Dresden. Königsmarck, who was more skilled in such matters, does not seem to have approved the scheme; and Sophia Dorothea, whose nature was eager and impetuous, severely reproached him for his unwillingness. Whatever were his faults, however, delay and temporizing were not amongst the number, so in response to her representations he threw wisdom to the winds and returned, putting himself unreservedly into her hands to carry out her wishes, and flinging himself into the scheme with all the romantic ardor and passion that distinguished him. He had not yet definitely quitted the service of Ernst August, but the elector of



Saxony had offered him the rank of general in his, and Philippe returned to Hanover for the ostensible purpose of asking Ernst August's formal leave to resign his commission in order to profit by this offer.

When he arrived the correspondence with the Duke of Wolfenbüttel was still in progress. Letters were not quickly exchanged between distant points, and it was still uncertain when all the arrangements dependent on the duke's reply and instructions would be completed. Although Ernst August at once sanctioned Königsmarck's exchange, the latter still lingered on at Hanover, somewhat to the surprise of the court, which, we may be sure, watched his movements with curious scrutiny. The fate of the princess trembled in the balance, and depended entirely on the skill and diplomacy that he could bring to bear on the manipulation of the circumstances. He was in the mean time too anxious and preoccupied to heed Madame von Platen, but when she at length realized that he finally and impatiently refused her proffered love, her fury knew no bounds. Revenge she promised herself, and that of so terrible a nature that the elector, she well knew, would not countenance; and while matters were at this point the answer came from Wolfenbüttel, and, what was more, proved eminently satisfactory. The two ducal families were not on cordial terms, and perhaps this fact induced the duke to open his doors to the princess who so pathetically craved his pity and hospitality. Whatever means Philippe and Sophia Dorothea took of communicating with one another, Madame von Platen was fully informed of them all. Smarting under the impatient scorn which the imprudent and reckless young man did not hesitate now to betray, she resolved on his death.

In some accounts it is stated that she engaged some Italians for this purpose, and, although they are highly colored, there are grounds for believing this, rather than that the soldiers of the guard were bribed to do the horrible deed. The fact is that these latter were employed by the elector for the simple and lawful purpose of arresting the count. The projected plan of the elopement had been made known to him the day before its proposed execution, and, in order to frustrate the design, he had signed the order for Königsmarck's arrest in all good faith. This important point settled, Madame von Platen gave her instructions to her hirelings, whom she associated with the men who were to carry out the elector's order.

These latter could speak no Italian, while the Italians could speak no German, so that no communication was possible between them. No time was to be lost, for the next evening was determined on for the now fully arranged journey to Wolfenbüttel, when Philippe received, to his unutterable astonishment, the following note from Mademoiselle von Knesbeck:—

M. le Comte, — Ma Princesse désire de vous voir; elle ne peut vous écrire, ayant brûlé la main, et m'a ordonné de vous faire savoir que vous pouvez vous rendre ce soir chez elle par le petit escalier comme autrefois; elle paraît inquiète de votre silence. A Dieu tirez bientôt de doute la plus aymable princesse du monde.

The unfortunate lady-in-waiting had been waylaid in the passage of the palace by Madame von Platen, had been taken to the chamber of the latter, and forced, under threats of death, to write these words. No sooner had she done so than she was conveyed to prison for fear that she should bear witness to the action.

The mysterious note that Philippe had found in his room had filled him with surprise and doubt. He could not feel sure that the letter was genuine, for he knew they were surrounded by spies; while, on the other hand, if it should really have emanated from her, what would she, what *could* she, think if he failed to obey her summons? Every detail for the journey to Wolfenbüttel had been arranged, and the next evening they fondly hoped would see them on their way thither, and the cruel Hanoverian ties broken asunder. Still, she might have some further injunction to give him, he conjectured, some warning to impart, some necessary change in her plans to request — which she could not dare to entrust to paper; and Philippe, through whose active brain all these possibilities flew, passed out into the warm July night to fulfil the duties that love and chivalry imposed upon him.

The way to the princess's apartment lay through a vast hall, called the Ritter-Saal. It was hung round with tapestry; at one end there was a large Gothic stove — so high and wide that it resembled a monumental edifice — and at the other a short flight of stairs leading to the princess's chamber. Philippe entered and crossed the hall, which was feebly lighted by a small, flickering lamp, and passing quickly through the room, sprang lightly and rapidly up the stair, went along a short passage, and tapped gently at the princess's door. It was immediately opened by an attendant, who displayed the greatest as-

tonishment at seeing him. Anxious and doubtful, Philippe pushed past her, and without further ceremony entered the room. The princess was amazed and alarmed when she saw who it was, and at once scented danger. He hastily produced the note that Mademoiselle von Knesbeck had written, and learnt to his consternation that the latter had not been seen since the morning, and that the princess knew nothing of the communication whatever. Beside herself with fear, but grasping the situation at once, she besought Philippe to quit the palace instantly, and, after impressing a kiss upon her hand, he turned upon his heel to retrace his steps. He passed along the passage, went down the stair, and paused for a moment at its foot. The whole episode had covered so short a space of time, the discovery of the treachery had been so instantaneous and its purport so conclusive, that he had had no time for reflection, or to form any distinct plan other than to quit the precincts of the palace as quickly as he could. He had thought as he paused that he heard a slight noise in the direction of the stove, but when he stopped it had ceased. In order to gain the outside of the building he was compelled to leave it by the same door by which he had entered, and this necessitated his passing by the stove. He could see nothing clearly; the shadows flickered indistinctly, and he intuitively unsheathed his sword as he strode across the intervening space. Just as he was about to pass the stove three men emerged from its deep shadow and barred the way, and Philippe knew that he was caught like a rat in a trap. He halted, and prepared to sell his life as dearly as might be. Two of the men set upon him, but he was a fine and skilful swordsman, and he defended himself dexterously and courageously. He wounded one man, and contrived to place himself with his back to the wall. At the moment of attack he had been encumbered by the cloak which he had assumed for the purpose of disguise, but when the fight had begun he had flung it to the ground in order that his movements should be unimpeded. Disabling another of his antagonists by a swift movement he began to manoeuvre and edge towards the door, hoping thus to improve his chances of escape; but one of the men picked up the cloak, and, flinging it over Philippe's head, thus obscured his sight, while two men who had joined the others poignarded him. He fell. "The princess is innocent," he gasped, as he lay on the floor at the mercy

of his antagonists. And now like a serpent from out its hole emerged the fiend who had planned this ghastly revenge, unwilling that her quondam and faithless lover should expiate his crime and that she should not witness his agony. She had hidden herself behind the tapestry, there to behold her horrible order executed, and to gloat over the fulfilment of her vengeance. When she glided up Königsmarck still lived. "Kill me," he breathed, "but spare the princess." "Bind him with cords," said the woman, when she saw that he was alive. The men lifted him to his feet, but the blood poured from the wounds of the dying man, and he fell heavily to the ground. She endeavored to extract a confession from his failing lips, but so long as life and sense were left he remained true to his honor and his love. "The princess is innocent," he murmured, as the ferocious woman stood quivering with hatred, rage, and black revenge over his dying form; and while he was still muttering his expiring testimony to the innocence of her for whom he suffered, she raised her foot, encased in its high wooden-heeled shoe, and, placing it on his mouth, she stamped out his last expiring breath.

In his desperate resistance Philippe had killed two of the guards, and had wounded two of the Italians; but it was one of the court employes who had flung the cloak over him, thinking to secure his arrest. The princess became cognizant of the scuffle by the noisy barking of a little pet dog, and on her opening the door of her chamber it rushed down the stair, followed by its mistress. As she descended, the lifeless form of Philippe was in the act of being carried away by two of the men, and, as the horror of the scene presented itself to her, her strength failed; she made a desperate effort to call for help, and fainted. The murderers left their victim, carried her into her own room, laid her on a couch, locked the door from the outside, and, after conveying the count's dead body to an underground room, returned to the Ritter-Saal.

Immediately after the consummation of the tragedy Madame von Platen had hastened to the elector's apartment to impart the news of the catastrophe to his horrified ears, and, leaving him half dead with fear and remorse, had returned herself to see that all traces of the crime were as far as possible removed—a task in which she herself assisted with energy and despatch. The unutterable horror of the event, though it distracted the princess,

and overwhelmed her with grief and despair, neither crushed her nor daunted her courage. In her own mind she felt no doubt whatever that the elector, as well as her husband and Madame von Platen, were implicated in the foul deed. Horror, disgust, and hatred for the perpetrators of the murder were her overpowering emotions, and when her women entered her chamber the next morning her resolution was taken. She sent a message to the elector that she desired to speak with him. The electoral prince, who had been absent from Hanover for four-and-twenty hours, had arrived early in the morning from his hunting-box, and had been received by his father, who imparted to him the shocking event that had so overwhelmed him with alarm and dismay. George received the news with no less consternation. Who could foretell the sequel of such a disaster? upon whom would rest the imputation of the crime? Obeying the haughty summons of the princess, Ernst August, followed by his son, entered her apartment, and the two stood before her in trepidation and alarm. After a moment's silence, during which she surveyed them both with unflinching scorn and horror, "I have but a very few words to say to you," she said; "I will not lower myself by assuring you of my innocence. I acknowledge the fault that permitted Königsmarck to hold a place in my heart; but the rest of my life shall be dedicated to my repentance. I have been the cause of his death, and to me it remains to avenge it, if it lays in my power." The elector, whose courage deserted him during the interview, implored her to be reasonable, and to reflect. He was indeed unused to such deeds, unskilled in the intricacies of assassination; he knew not what to think, what to say. His chief terror was, if the murder became known, that it would be laid at his door, and he assured her in passionate and agitated language that the fatal result was due to Königsmarck's resistance to his arrest, and that there was but one means whereby the terrible affair could be withheld from public notoriety and scandal, and she must now set herself to live peaceably with the prince her husband. "Sir," she answered, "I will never live with Königsmarck's murderer. If I am compelled to do so it will only be to avenge his death." Seeing that no impression could be made upon her, the elector quitted the room, beckoning his son, who had not spoken one word during the interview, to follow him, which he required no second bidding to do.

Legal proceedings were shortly after commenced against the princess for infidelity to her husband. She was severely interrogated, but nothing intimidated her or caused her to answer the questions put to her with any confusion, and when asked if it were true that she intended to fly to Wolfenbüttel, she replied in the affirmative, but no other attempt to convict her out of her own mouth was successful. She met intimidation with serenity, persuasion with contempt and indifference, and the inquisitors were foiled. When all these means had failed to induce confession, one more endeavor was made, which surpassed all former ones in infamy and baseness. An altar was erected in her apartment, candles were lit, ecclesiastics summoned, and there, in the presence of certain members of the court, the officiating priest exhorted the suffering and insulted woman to confess her sin. With calm and reverent demeanor she approached the altar and received the Holy Communion in token of her innocence. As she returned to her place after receiving, she turned towards and addressed the Countess Platen, who stood at her right hand, and invited her to do the same. But even the black and wicked heart of the guilty woman shrank before this supreme ordeal; she was unprepared to steep herself in the blasphemy involved in such an action; and, muttering some feeble plea about her health, she hastily quitted the scene wherein the accused had borne herself with dignified tranquillity, and the accusers had entirely broken down in their attempts to crush and overwhelm her.

The princess's demeanor at this trying juncture had not been without its effect on the elector. Even if the whole of his suspicions were not allayed, they were partially so, and he saw no reason why there should not be a reconciliation between his son and daughter-in-law. His earnest desire was to lull suspicion with regard to his own and his son's part in the affair, and to silence the wagging tongues of scandal which were agitating the air—for Königsmarck's sudden disappearance had caused a considerable flutter in society; and while some found it convenient to accept the diligently circulated rumor that he had escaped to avoid arrest, there were others who affirmed that the bright, the brave, the gallant Philippe had fallen a victim to the wrath of the father and son, and that his blood was crying for vengeance from out the depths of the Hanoverian schloss. Again and again did

Ernst August beseech his daughter-in-law to reconsider the position, and place before her the conditions by which she might regain her lost footing and reappear as the wife of his son, and the dire results that must follow her refusal; but he could make no impression on her; her good name, her future well-being, even the thoughts of her children, counted as nothing when compared with the murder of the man she had loved, the horrors of that dreadful night, and all the misery and humiliations she had endured since her unhappy marriage. "Tell your master," she said, when she was approached by one of his myrmidons with the threat that she would be ignominiously banished from Hanover if she rejected his terms, "Tell your master that when I turn my back on Hanover, all roads will be beautiful in my eyes." Although she had often given proofs of her resolute spirit, they were hardly prepared for the dauntless and indomitable courage with which she faced their threatened vengeance. No earthly consideration would induce her to temporize or to move one inch in the direction of submission or compromise. They were aware if she proved her case and obtained a divorce on her own account, that they must yield up all the pecuniary advantages they had gained by the marriage, that George's succession to her inheritance would be barred, and possibly also the ultimate union of Hanover and Celle. A Consistorial Court was therefore called together, its members being chosen by the elector, illegal in its conformation, and containing in itself no element whatever of justice or impartiality. She was tortured by the visits of lawyers, who strove to entrap her into unguarded admissions; but so slight were the evidences they were able to collect of misconduct as regarded Königs-marck, that they abandoned the charge altogether, and his name did not even appear in the deed of accusation. The basis—or it were more to the purpose to call it the plot—resolved itself into the feeble accusation of incompatibility of temper. Of this, then, she was found guilty, and a decree was passed for the dissolution of the marriage. George was specifically permitted to re-marry, while she was doomed to perpetual imprisonment, and she was at once conveyed to the castle of Ahlden, surrounded by a staff of domestics selected by the elector and his son, and an armed group of gaolers. The most stringent rules were laid down for her safe keeping, and a

promise extracted from her father that he would neither ask to see her nor communicate with her by any means whatever—a pledge he fulfilled to the letter. Ahlden was a fortified place, and melancholy and gloomy to a degree scarcely conceivable. The household were bound by an oath to keep her from all communication with the outer world, but in order to give her imprisonment an air of dignity and position she received the title of Duchess of Ahlden.

There is a curious particular with which we have become acquainted since commencing our sketch—a legend so barbarous in its essence that but we learned it from the lips of one intimately acquainted with Hanover's secret histories we would refuse to receive as authentic. The teller, however, has undoubted right to the best information concerning the convictions of those more immediately concerned. The following are the details: Within the innermost circles of the Hanoverian court it was known to some that the morning after the murder, and while Philippe lay dead in the room where his assassins had borne him, George caused the heart of the victim of Madame von Platen's revenge to be taken from the body, to be reduced to ashes, and thereafter to be placed in a small leaden box, which in its turn was fitted into a footstool, and that this footstool was used by George the First to the end of his vindictive life, and that, moreover, it still exists. There is a cold and bloodthirsty atmosphere enveloping this action for which there seems to be absolutely no parallel in modern story—the fear of forgetting for a moment that the dead man was trapped, tortured, silenced, murdered—the devilish desire to possess a constant and tangible presence of what was once the spring of his life, the dead essence of his love, the mainspring of his misfortune, and that all this was a joy and a pleasure to any human being indicates that the spirit of Nero and Caligula still obtained in Hanover in the year of our Lord 1694. To us it appeared, when the story was first told us, that it was strong evidence that George had been privy to the crime; but there is no other whatever, and we can only recount the facts as they were told to us, and repeat that all other circumstances point to the probability that neither himself nor his father was concerned in its perpetration.

Lord Lexington, who became British minister at Vienna at this time, was instructed at the outset of his embassy to investigate "this Königs-marck mystery;"



and William the Third, in response to the elector of Saxony's entreaties, had caused inquiries to be made by his representative, but with no satisfactory results. By degrees the matter faded into the past, no answer was given, and Lord Lexington does not seem to have been of much use to any one. It is a significant fact that the Hanoverians destroyed every document that bore on the story, and although some affirm that they were unwilling to hand down to posterity the proofs of the infidelity of Sophia Dorothea, it is surely more probable that they would have preferred to do this rather than suffer the ugly doubts to rest upon their own conduct, which was the inevitable alternative.

Little remains to be told. Political irony decreed that the princess should be treated with the greatest ceremony. She drove daily, guarded by a cavalry escort, who surrounded her carriage with drawn swords. Her mother was permitted to visit her occasionally, but always in the presence of the elector's spies and dependants. The electoral prince, as is well known, became king of England, but this change in his position and life made none in hers. Later on, when the remorseless monarch was nearing his end, whether it was, as some said, that the prognostications of a soothsayer that his own demise would follow closely on hers, and that he deemed that her life would be safer under his own surveillance, or whether he feared to face death with so black a crime as his life-long persecution of his wife on his conscience, it is impossible to say; but he made overtures to her of reconciliation and pardon. Thirty years and more had elapsed since the events narrated, still loneliness and captivity, though they had broken her heart, had not quelled her spirit. Her scorn was as scathing, her resolution as unconquerable as in the days of yore. "If I am guilty," she said, "I am not worthy of being his wife; and if I am innocent he is not worthy of me." For two-and-thirty years she remained a prisoner within that dreary fastness. The peasants became used to seeing the sad-looking and beautiful lady as she was driven swiftly across Luneburg heath, guarded by the clattering dragoons. She was kind and generous to the poor, and interested herself in their welfare; but the one thing needful to make her life tolerable — that of congenial companionship — was sternly denied her.

But the longest day wears to a close, and every traveller, be he sinner or saint, arrives at his journey's end at last; and before passing through the great black portal of death — that portal that shuts out so relentlessly the mysteries beyond — haply he may look back on the dusty road and fading landscape with a sigh and a prayer, humbly trusting that on the other side he may meet with mercy, not justice; receive pity for his sorrows, not vengeance for his sins. Sophia Dorothea then, the consort of George, king of Great Britain and Ireland, but not his wife; the mother of the heir to that splendid inheritance, but a stranger to her son, finished her weary pilgrimage on the 2nd of November, 1726. She had been ailing for some months, but her condition had not been thought dangerous, so when she turned her tired face to the wall and breathed out her last desolate sigh, it caused a mild surprise to those about her.

She was interred at Celle, in the gloomy vaults of whose temple she took her place amongst those scions of the house of Brunswick with whom she had been deemed unworthy to associate during her life.

Two centuries have passed since the events which we have tried to bring before the reader, and the stair at the foot of which Königsmarck paused before he strode forward to meet his hidden foes is still shown in the Hanoverian schloss; and it was believed by many, in the days when kings still reigned in Hanover, and dispensed their princely hospitality in the royal abode, that on these occasions of revelry and mirth the pale and impalpable shade of the murdered Königsmarck haunted its precincts, and had been seen flitting across the courtyard with a bloody mark across its mouth. Further still, it was asserted that when Elizabeth von Platen lay dying, a prey to disease and stricken with blindness, her feeble and paralyzed tongue cried aloud to be delivered from the mute, accusing spirit that tormented her death-bed with its ghastly presence, and which, though blind to all earthly things, she yet saw. But Philippe remained inexorably sitting by her bedside until her own spirit took flight, and his shadow only melted away when she breathed her last.

MILlicENT ERSKINE WEMYSS.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
ON THE NEW STAR IN AURIGA.\*

WE depend so absolutely at every moment, and in every action upon the uniformity of nature, that any event which even appears to break in upon that uniformity cannot fail to interest us. Especially is this the case if a strange star appears among those ancient heavenly bodies, by the motions of which our time and the daily routine of life are regulated, and which through all ages have been to man the most august symbols of the unchanging. For, notwithstanding small alterations due to the accumulated effects of changes of invisible slowness which are everywhere in progress, the heavens, in their broad features, remain as they were of old. If Hipparchus could return to life, however changed the customs and the kingdoms of the earth might appear to him, in the heavens and the hosts thereof he would find himself at home.

Only some nineteen times in about as many centuries have we any record that the eternal sameness of the midnight sky has been broken in upon by even the temporary presence of an unknown star; though there is no doubt that in the future, through the closer watch kept upon the sky by photography, a larger number of similar phenomena will be discovered.

According to Pliny it was the sudden outburst into splendor of a new star in 130 B.C. which inspired Hipparchus to construct his catalogue of stars. Passing at once to more modern times we come to the famous new star of 1572, discovered by Tycho Brahe, in the constellation of Cassiopeia, which outshone Venus, and could even be seen as a bright object upon the sky by day. Its brilliancy, like that of the new stars before and since, was transitory; within a few weeks its great glory had departed from it, and it then waned on until, at last, it had fallen back to its original low estate, as a star invisible to the naked eye. The star of 1866, which on May 2 of that year burst forth as a star of the second magnitude in the Northern Crown, is memorable as the first of these objects which was subjected to the searching power of the spectroscope. Two temporary stars have appeared since, in 1876, and in 1885.

Are these strange objects in reality new stars, the creations of a day, or but the transient outbursts into splendor of small stars usually invisible? May they be

even but extreme cases of the large class of variable stars which wax and wane in periods more or less regular? The more modern temporary stars did certainly exist before and do exist still. The star of 1866 may still be seen as an ordinary ninth magnitude star. So that of 1876 in Cygnus, which rose to the third magnitude, is still there as a star of about the fourteenth magnitude. To these probably may be added Tycho's star.

The new star which makes the present year memorable, is indeed, so far as our charts go, without descent. It may well be that its usual magnitude is below that which would bring it within our catalogues and charts. Visibility and invisibility in our largest telescopes are but expressions in terms of the power of the eye. The photographic plate, untiring in its power of accumulation, has brought to our knowledge multitudes of stars which shine, but not for us. The energy of their radiation is too small to set up the changes in the retina upon which vision depends. In a recent photograph of  $\eta$  Argus, Mr. Russell, at Sydney, has brought into view a great crowd of stars, which until now have shone in vain for the dull eye of man.

What, it will be asked, were the conditions under which so faint a star woke up suddenly into so great splendor? Such information as we have comes chiefly from that particular application of the spectroscope, by which we can measure motion in the line of sight. It is not too much to say that this method of observation has opened for us in the heavens a door through which we can look upon the internal motions of binary and multiple systems of stars, which otherwise must have remained forever concealed from us. By it we can, in many cases, see within the point-like image of a star a complex system of whirling suns, gigantic in size, and revolving at enormous speeds. A telescope fifty feet in diameter of aperture, even if it could ever be constructed, would fail to show close systems of stars which the prism easily lays open to our view.

This method of using the spectroscope, which the writer first applied successfully to the heavenly bodies some twenty-four years ago, is now too well known for it to be necessary to say more than that the change of wave-length, or *pitch*, of the light shows itself in the spectrum by the lines being shifted; towards the blue for an approach, towards the red if the light-source and the observer are moving from each other.

The stars, as seen from the earth, are

\* The substance of a discourse given at the Royal Institution on Friday evening, May 13, 1892.



moving in all directions, but the prism, which can take note only of motions which are precisely in the line of sight, gives us direct information of that component only of a star's motion which is towards or from us. The method is applicable not only to the drift of star-systems, but also to the internal motions within those systems.

It is obvious that a star moving round in an orbit, unless the plane of the orbit is across the line of sight, has alternate periods of approach and recession. A line in its spectrum will be seen to swing backwards and forwards relatively to a terrestrial line of the same substance in times corresponding to the star's orbital period. It is equally clear that if in a binary system both stars are bright, the spectrum will be a compound one, the spectrum of one star superposed upon that of the other. If the spectra are identical, all the lines will be really double, but apparently single when the stars have no relative motion; and will separate and close up as the stars go round.

It was by this method, from the motions of the variable star Algol, photographed at Potsdam, that the dusky companion which periodically eclipses its light in part, stood revealed; and a similar discovery was made there of the companion of Spica. Of these double stars only one companion was bright, but by the opening and closing of double lines in the spectrum of Mizar, Professor Pickering brought to light a pair of gigantic blazing suns equal together to forty times the sun's mass, and whirling round their common centre of gravity with the speed of some fifty miles a second. Then followed, also at the Harvard observatory, the discovery in  $\beta$  Auriga, of an order of close binary stars hitherto unknown. The pair revolve with a speed of seventy miles a second within some seven and a half millions of miles of each other.

Now it was by this method of spectroscopic observation that the remarkable state of things existing in the new star was revealed to us. It is not a little surprising that a new star, as bright as the fifth magnitude, could burst out almost directly overhead in the heavens, and yet remain undiscovered for nearly seven weeks. Europe and the United States bristle every clear night with telescopes from open observatories, which are served by an army of astronomers; yet the discovery of the new star was left to an amateur, Mr. Anderson, possessed only of a small pocket-telescope and a star-chart.

Happily the days are not yet over when discoveries can be made without an armory of instruments.

As soon as the news reached Cambridge, U.S., Professor Pickering, by means of photographs which had been taken there, was able to cause the part of the sky where the new star appeared to pass again under examination, as it had appeared at successive intervals during the last six years, but with the result that the new star's place had remained unoccupied all that time by any star so bright as the eleventh magnitude. For about a year a closer watch has been kept upon the sky at Cambridge by means of a photographic transit instrument driven by clockwork, which automatically patrols the sky every clear night, and registers all stars as bright as the sixth magnitude in a great zone sixty degrees in breadth, and three hours of right ascension in length. On December 1st the nova was not recorded, but the next clear night, December 10, it was already of the fifth magnitude.\* Dr. Max Wolf photographed this part of Auriga on December 8, including all stars to the ninth magnitude, but the nova was not on the plate. The star therefore must have sprung up from below the ninth magnitude to the fifth within two days at the longest.

On Professor Pickering's plates taken in December, the nova appears without any surrounding nebulosity. This point, which has been in dispute, appears to be settled by a plate taken with an exposure of three hours by Mr. Roberts, which fails to show any appearance of a surrounding nebula, though a similar accumulation of the light-action of the Pleiades fills the whole background with nebulae.

The nova was discovered at the end of January by Mr. Anderson, and from February 1 was observed at many observatories. Its magnitude then was about the fourth and one-half magnitude. Though its light showed continual fluctuations, a slow but steady decline set in, carrying it down to about the sixth magnitude in the early days of March; but after March 7, these swayings to and fro of its light, set up doubtless by the commotions attendant on the cause of its outburst, calmed down, and the star fell rapidly and with great regularity to about the eleventh magnitude on March 24, and by the beginning of

\* Professor Pickering informs the writer that the new star was still visible at Harvard Observatory on April 26. Its magnitude was then scarcely lower than at the beginning of the month, on the scale of their meridian photometer, 14.5.

April to the fifteenth magnitude. So short was the star's day of glory.

We commenced our observations of its spectrum on February 2. The spectrum showed a brilliant array of bright lines, conspicuous among which were the well-known lines of hydrogen, and three lines in the green. A remarkable phenomenon was seen; each bright line seemed to cast a shadow, for on the blue side of each was a narrow space of intense blackness. When the light from a hydrogen vacuum tube was thrown into the spectroscopic, the hydrogen line at F did not fall upon the middle of the bright stellar line, but towards the blue edge. The secret was revealed; we had a magnificent example, on a great scale, of motions in the line of sight. Two mighty masses of hydrogen fleeing from each other, the hotter one which emitted the bright lines going from us, while the cooler one, producing the dark shadows by absorption, approached us, with a relative velocity as great as five hundred and fifty miles a second.

It would be out of place here to describe the spectrum in any detail; it may suffice to say that we were sure that the spectrum of the star showed no relationship to that of the bright-lined nebulae, nor to the usual hydro-carbon spectrum of comets. Its general features suggested rather a state of things similar to the erupted solar surface. This view was confirmed by a photograph of its spectrum which we took with a mirror of speculum metal and a spectroscopic with a prism of Iceland spar and lenses of quartz, so that the extreme violet part of the star's light was not cut off by passing through glass. The fainter continuous spectrum and the brilliant lines were found to extend upon the plate nearly as far as does the light of Sirius, and not far short of the place where our atmosphere stops all celestial light. The whole range of the hydrogen lines, including the ultra-violet series present in the white stars and H and K, were bright as they show themselves occasionally reversed in photographs of the solar prominences, and each accompanied by a line of absorption.

A remarkable feature of great significance in the character of the hydrogen lines, bright and dark, must be noticed. They appeared to be sometimes double and sometimes triple—the dark ones as if by fine bright threads superposed upon them—and, indeed, to be subject to continual change. Now when on the sun's surface, or in the laboratory, portions of the same gas at different temperatures

come in before each other, the cooler gas may cause a narrow absorption line to form upon a broader bright line, and thus impart to it the appearance of a double line; or in the case of hotter gas, a narrow bright line upon a dark line. Professors Liveing and Dewar, whose researches with the electric arc-crucible have made them specially familiar with the ever-changing guises and disguises of this Protean phenomenon of reversal, as it is called, have recorded cases not only of double reversals giving apparent triplicity to a single line, but even of threefold reversals. The unsymmetrical division of bright and dark lines, which was occasionally seen in the spectrum of the nova, frequently presents itself in the laboratory, in consequence of the unequal expansion on the two sides of the line on which the reversed line falls. Unless we accept this obvious interpretation of the multiple character of the stellar lines, we should have to assume a system of at least six bodies all moving with different velocities.

It is important to state that the waning of the star appeared to produce no material alteration of its spectrum, but only such apparent changes as necessarily come in when parts of an object differ greatly in brightness. On March 24th, when the star's light had fallen so low as to about the eleventh magnitude, we could still glimpse the faint continuous spectrum, upon which the remarkable quartet of bright lines still shone out without any change of relative intensity. Professor Pickering informs me that in his photographs the principal lines in that part of the spectrum "faded in the order, K, H,  $\alpha$ , F, h, and G, the latter becoming brighter as star was faint." Omitting the calcium lines H and K, which varied, the order of disappearance agrees with that of the sensitiveness of the plate for these parts of the spectrum, and supports the view that the star's spectrum remained without material change through this great range of magnitude.

How are we to account for the appearance and doings of this new star, or rather stars? For, as we have seen, the great shifts of the bright and dark lines, the bright to the red, the dark to the blue, clearly indicate two bodies having a relative motion in the line of sight of about five hundred and fifty miles a second. Now, during the whole time, some seven weeks, that the spectrum was under observation, this relative velocity was maintained materially unaltered, though small changes beyond the reach of our instru-

ments may have taken place. A reasonable explanation may perhaps be found, if we venture to assume, though with some hesitation, as the subject is very obscure, two gaseous bodies, or bodies with gaseous atmospheres, moving away from each other after a near approach in parabolic or hyperbolic orbits. If our sun were nearly in the line of axis of the orbits, the components of the motions of the two bodies in the line of sight after the bodies had swung round, might well be as rapid and remain relatively as unchanged as those observed in the new star. Unfortunately, decisive information from the motions of the two bodies at the critical time of the outburst is wanting, for the event through which the star became bright had been over for some forty days before observations were made with the spectroscope. Analogy from the variable stars of long period would suggest the view that the near approach of the two bodies may have been of the nature of a periodical disturbance arising at long intervals in a complex system of bodies. Chandler has recently shown in the case of Algol that the minor irregularities in the variation of its light are probably caused by the presence of one or more bodies in the system besides the bright star and the dusky one which partially eclipses it. To a similar cause are probably due the minor irregularities which form so prominent a feature in the waxing and waning of the variable stars as a class. We know, too, that the stellar orbits are usually very eccentric. In the case of  $\gamma$  Virginis, the eccentricity is as great as 0.9, and Auwers has recently found Sirius to have the considerable eccentricity of 0.63.

But a casual near approach of two bodies of great size would be a greatly less improbable event than an actual collision. The phenomena of the new star scarcely permit us to suppose even a partial collision, though if the bodies were diffused enough, or the approach close enough, there may have been possibly some mutual interpenetration and mingling of the rare gases near their boundaries.

An explanation which would better accord with what we know of the behavior of the nova may, perhaps, be found in a view put forward many years ago by Klinkerfues and recently developed by Wilsing, that under such circumstances of near approach enormous tidal disturbances would be set up, amounting, it may be, to partial deformation in the case of a gaseous body, and producing sufficiently great changes of pressure in the

interior of the bodies to give rise to enormous eruptions of the hotter matter from within, immensely greater but similar in kind to solar eruptions.

In such a state of things we should have, in the existence of portions of the same gas at different levels and temperatures, conditions so favorable for the production of reversed lines undergoing continual change, similar to those exhibited by the lines of the nova, that we could not suppose them to be absent. The integration of light from all parts of the disturbed surfaces of the bodies might give breadth to the lines, and might account for the varying irregularities of intensity of different parts of the lines.

The source of the light of the continuous spectrum, upon which were seen the dark lines of absorption shifted towards the blue, must have remained behind the cooler absorbing gas; indeed must have formed with it the body which was approaching us, unless we assume that both bodies were moving exactly in the line of sight, or that the absorbing gas was of very enormous extent.

The difference of state between the two bodies, as shown by the receding one emitting bright lines, while the approaching body behaved similarly to a white star in giving a continuous spectrum with broad absorption lines, may perhaps be accounted for by the two bodies being in different evolutionary stages, and differing consequently in diffuseness and in temperature. We appear, indeed, to have a similar state of things in the variable star  $\beta$  Lyrae, of which one component star gives bright lines, and the other a spectrum with dark lines of absorption. In the case of the nova, we must assume a similar chemical nature for both bodies, and that they existed under conditions sufficiently similar for equivalent dark and bright lines to appear in their respective spectra.

We know nothing of the distance of the nova from our system, but the assumption is not an improbable one, that it was as far away from us as the nova of 1876, for which Sir Robert Ball failed to find any parallax. If this be so, the emission of light suddenly set up in the very faint stars, certainly within two days, and possibly, as in the case of the nova of 1866, within a few hours, was much greater than the light emitted by our sun. Yet within some fifty days after its discovery at the end of January, its light fell to about the one-three-hundredth part, and in some three months to the one-ten-thousandth part. So long as its spectrum could be

observed, the chief features remained unchanged. Under what conditions could we suppose the sun to cool down sufficiently for its light to decrease to a similar extent in so short a time, and without the incurring of material changes in the solar spectrum? It is, therefore, scarcely conceivable that we have to do with the conversion of gravitational energy into light and heat. On the view we have ventured to suggest, the rapid calming down, after some swayings to and fro of the tidal disturbances, and the closing in again of the outer and cooler gases, together with the want of transparency which often comes in under such circumstances, might account reasonably for the very rapid, and at first curiously fluctuating, waning of the nova, as well as for the want of change in its spectrum.

The writer may be permitted to state that the view suggested by Dr. Allen Miller and himself in the case of the nova of 1866, was so far similar that they ascribed its outbursts to erupted gases, but with our present knowledge of the light-changes of stars, the writer would now hesitate to make the further suggestion that chemical action may have contributed to its sudden and transient splendor.

WILLIAM HUGGINS.

From The New Review.

LETTERS OF CARLYLE TO VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

Chelsea, London: Decr. 16, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR, — Yesterday there went from Mr. Nutt's shop, imbedded, I suppose, in a soft mass of English Literature, — a small box bearing your address; which I hope may reach you safely, in time for a New-year's remembrance of me. It is a model of the Tomb of Shakespeare, done by an ingenious little artist here; which may perhaps interest you or some of your friends, for a moment. I understand the likeness in all respects to be nearly perfect, — which indeed is the sole merit of such a thing; — a perfect copy of the old monument, as it stands within Stratford Church for these two centuries and more: — only with regard to that part of the Inscription, "Sweet friends, for Jesus' sake," &c. to these lines, which in the model have found room for themselves directly *under* the Figure of Shakespeare, you are to understand that, in the original, they lay on the floor of the Church, some three feet *in advance* of the Figure; in

fact, covering the dust of the Poet; the Figure itself standing at the head of the grave, against the wall. — And so enough of it; and may the poor little Package arrive safe, and kindly bring me before you again! —

I have been silent this long while, only hearing of you from third parties; the more is the pity for me. In fact, I have not been well; travelling, too, in Scotland, in Ireland; much tumbled about by manifold confusions outward and inward; and have, on the whole, been silent to all the world; silent till clearer days should come. I have still no fixed work; nothing in the dark chaos that it could seem *beautiful* to conquer and *do*; — no work to write at; and as for reading, alas that has become, and is ever more becoming, a most sorry business for me; and often enough I feel as if Caliph Omar, long ago, was pretty much in the right after all; as if there might be worse feats than burning whole continents of rhetorical, logical, historical, philosophical jangle, and insincere obsolete rubbish, out of one's way; and leaving some living God's-message, real *Koran* or "Thing worth reading" in its stead! These are my heterodoxies, my paradoxes of which too I try to know the limits. But in very deed I do expect from the region of *Silence* some salvation for myself and others; not from the region of *Speech*, of written or Oral Babblement, unless that latter very much alter soon! *Cant* has filled the whole universe, — from Nadir up to Zenith, — God deliver us!

Preuss's "Friedrich" has not yet reached hither, except through private channels; but I mean to make an effort for sight of it by and by. I have the old "Œuvres de Frédéric" beside me here; but without chronology and perpetual commentary they are entirely illegible. — "Zinzendorf" received long since, and read: thanks! — Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London: March 3, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR, — Some ten days ago your new volume of "Denkwürdigkeiten" was safely handed in to me; I fancy it must have been delayed among the ice of the Elbe, for the note accompanying it bears date a good while back. Thanks for this new kindness; a valued Gift, to be counted with very many other which I now owe to you. — Some time before, there had arrived your announcement that the little *Tomb of Shakespeare* had made its way across the impediments and, what was very welcome to me, that you meant

to show it to Herr Tiek. Surely, there is no man in all the world that deserves better to see it! Will you say to him, if he knows my name at all, that I send him my affectionate respects and salutations; that, for the last twenty years and more, he has flourished always in my mind as a true noble "Singing-Tree" in that German land of *Phantasia* and *Poesis*, that I, and very many here, still listen to him with the friendliest regards, with true love and reverence, and bid him live long as a veteran very precious to us. Your king did no act that got him more votes from the instructed part of this Community, than that of his recalling Tiek in the way he did, to a country where he was indeed *unique*, and which had good reason to be proud of him.

I have read the new volume of "Denkwürdigkeiten;" and am veritably called to thank you, not in my private capacity alone, but as a speaker for the Public withal. If the Public thought as I do on such matters, — that is to say, if the Public were not more or less a blockhead — the Public would say to itself, "This is the kind of thing that before all others is good for me at present! This, to give me an account of memorable actions and events, in more and more compact, intelligent, illuminative form, *evolving* for me more and more the real essence of said actions and events, — *this* is Literature, Art, Poetry, or what name you like to give it; this is the real problem the writing-man has to solve for me, at present." Truly if I had command over you, I should say, "Memoirs, and ever new Memoirs!" There are no books that give me so lively an impression of modern Facts as these of yours do. Withal I get a view as if into the very heart of Prussia through them; which also is highly valuable to me. I can only bid you *persevere*, give us what is possible; and must reflect with regret that one man's capabilities in such respect are limited and not unlimited. — Last week too I have read with the liveliest interest your book on "Blücher," which I had not sufficiently studied before. A Capital Book; a capital rough old Prussian Mastiff set forth to us there! I seem to see old Blücher face to face; recognize his supreme and indispensable worth in that vast heterogeneous Combination, — which also to him was indispensable; for in a common element, one sees, he might very easily have spent himself, as hundreds like him have done, to comparatively small purpose; but that huge, inert mass was always there to fall back upon, to

be excited and ever anew excited, till it also had to kindle and flame along with him. "*Kerle, Ihr sehet aus wie Schweine!*" and then these scenes, as at Katztadt, "Napoleon just behind me, say you?" or to the enthusiastic Public on the streets of Halberstadt, "*So mügt Ihr denn alle —!*" — I have laughed aloud at such naivetes, every time they have come into my mind since. Thanks again and again for painting us such pictures, a real possession for all men.

Of my own affairs I can report no alteration hitherto. I remain contentedly idle; shall doubtless feel a call to work again by and by, but wait *unbeschreiblich ruhig* (as Attila Schmelze has it) for that questionable consummation! I am very serious in my ever deepening regard for the "Silences" that are in our Existence, quite unheeded in these poor days; and do, for myself, regard Book-writing in such a time as but a *Pisaller*. With which nevertheless one *must* persevere! Adieu, my dear Sir, enliven me soon by another letter. — Yours ever,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea, London: Nov. 5, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR, — It is a long time since I heard from you; a long time since I wrote to you, — a still *longer* indeed; so that, however I may regret, there is no room for complaining: it is my own blame! Your last letter found me in Yorkshire; wandering about the country, as I long continued to do, in the brightest Autumn weather; I did not get the *Schiller book* into actual possession till my return home, some little while ago; when I found there had a second volume also arrived. Many kind thanks to you for such a Gift. For its own worth, and for sake of the Giver, it is right welcome to me. I finished the second volume last night; my most interesting book for many months past; in great haste, I send you forthwith a word of hasty acknowledgment: — in great eagerness for the Sequel too! The book does not say who is Editor; have not You yourself perhaps some hand in it? Whoever the Editor may be, the whole world is bound to thank him. Never before did one *see* Schiller; the authentic homely Prose Schiller, out of whom the Hero Schiller as seen in Poetry and on the Public Stage hitherto, had to fashion himself and grow! And truly, as you say, they are one and the same. For the veracity, and real unconscious manliness of this poor, hungry Schiller of Prose, fighting his battle with the confusion of



the world, are everywhere admirable. No cant in him; no weak sentimentalism; he has recognized the rugged fact in all its contradictoriness; looks round, with rapid, eager eye, upon his various milk-cows of finance, "This one will yield me so much, that so much, and I shall get through after all!"—and *is* climbing towards the Ideal, all the while, by an impulse as if from the Gods. Throughout I recollected that portrait you sent me; with its big jaws, loose lips, hasty, eager eyes,—all as in loose onset and advance, "Forward! Forward!" Poor Schiller, there is something that one loves extremely in that ragged, careless aspect of him; true to the very heart: a veritable Brother and Man! Körner too I hear universally recognized as a Tüchtiger; full of sense, of friendly candor and fidelity: it is rarely that one reads such a Correspondence between two modern men. Thanks to you all for giving it to us; thanks to *you* individually for sending it me at once.

I would fain send you some news of myself; but alas, that is a very waste Chapter, not fit for entering upon to-day! I have no work on hand that can be named; I feel only that the whole world of England, of Europe, grows daily full of new meanings, which it well beseems all persons of intelligence to try if they *can* read and speak. For the rest, I am very solitary; by choice and industry, keep solitary: the world here, especially the world of "Literature" so called, is not my world. In fact I begin very greatly to despise the thing they call "Literature,"—and to envy the active ages that had none of it. A waste sea of vocables: what salvation is there in that? Ranke's failure does not surprise me: If I were a Prussian or even German, I would decidedly try *Friedrich*. Adieu my dear Sir: be kind and write again soon. Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea: Decr. 29, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is a long sad time since I have written to you, or could expect to hear any word directly from you: for indeed I have been, and still am, in an altogether *inarticulate* condition; writing to nobody; in the highest degree indisposed to writing or uttering of myself in any kind! You do not doubt but many kind thoughts and remembrances have crossed the sea to you, all this while; nor do we want evidence of the like on your part; nay, from Miss Wynne and otherwise, we have pretty accurately known how you were going on, and have gener-

ally had some image of you kept lurid and vivid in our circle here. Forgive my silence—silence is not good altogether, when there are kind hearts that will listen and reply! The advent of the New Year admonishes me that I should open my leaden lips, and speak *once* more,—were it but as Odin's Prophetess, from the belly of the Grave! In the language of the season, I wish you a right brave New Year, and as many of them as your heart can still victoriously port in such a world. *Courage! En avant!* I will start up too, some day, and march along with you again, I doubt not.

Some weeks ago your little Pamphlet on the question of German Unity (*Schlichte Reden*) came to me, a welcome little word, which I read with entire assent. This was your message hitherward; and now, the other day, I despatched for you a little old Book of mine which they have been republishing here;—a book of no moment; which probably you already have received: let this be a small memento from me, when you look upon it. Whether I shall ever write another book in this world has often seemed uncertain to me of late; but I believe I shall have to try it again before long, or else do worse!

What a year we have had since February last! The universal breaking down of old rotten thrones, and bursting up of street-barricades; enfuried Sansculotism everywhere starting up, and glaring like a world-basilisk into the empty *Wan-Wan* that pretended to be a god to it. "What *art* thou, accursed contemptibility of a Wan-Wan?"—It is to me the most sordid, scandalous, and dismal sight the world ever offered in my time; and if there were not in the dark womb of that "abomination of desolation" a ray of eternal light for me, I should think (like poor Niebuhr) the universe was going out, and pray for my own share, "From me hide it!" But withal I discern well, none more loyally. It is a sacred phenomenon, a fulfilment of the eternal prophecies, the beginning of a new birth of the world. A general "bankruptcy of Imposture" (so I define it); Imposture, long known by the wise for what it was, is now known and declared for such to the foolish at the market-cross, and admits openly that it is a bankrupt piece of scandalism, and requests only time to gather up its rags, and walk away unchanged. How can I lament at this? Dismal, abominable as the sight is, I cannot but intrinsically rejoice at it. And yet what

a Future lies before us, for centuries to come, — if we had any thought within us, which very few have.

The feeling here among considerate persons is, that Germany, in spite of all the explosions of nonsense we have seen, will certainly recover some balance; and march, like a brave country, — not towards Chaos, as some others seem to do! We can understand that it is all the dirty, the foul and mutinous folly that comes *first* to the top; but Germany deceives us all if there be not abundant silent heroic faculty in the heart of it; — and indeed it is to England and Deutschland that the Problem seems to me now to have fallen: and a dreadful Problem it is, — *insoluble* by the Southern genius, as we see. God assist us all! I am ever your affectionate friend,

T. CARLYLE.

Goethe and Frau von Stein: but that deserves a chapter by itself! I read your copy. With pleasant wonder, which has not yet subsided into clear appreciation.

[There is a "Memorandum" joined to this letter, on a particular bit of paper:]

My wife, for above a year past, is acquainted with your works done on paper by the scissors; works that fill the female fingers with despair, — the female heart with desire to possess for itself a few specimens. Can you kindly think of this, some after-dinner? — T. C.

Chelsea: Octr. 29, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR, — Mr. Neuberg intimated to me, the other night, that he is about returning to Germany, probably to Berlin among other places, and that he will take charge of any packet of "Autographs" or other small ware, which I may have to send you. By way of acknowledgment for your great kindness to Neuberg, if not for infinitely more solid reasons, I ought to rouse myself, and constitute him my messenger on this occasion! He is deeply sensible of your goodness to him; and surely so am I, to whom it is not the first nor the hundred-and-first example of your disposition in that respect. Many thanks I give you always, whether I express them in words or do not at all express them. This I believe you know; and so we need not say more of it at present.

There were other letters I had laid up for you; which seem, in some household earthquake, to have been destroyed, at least they are undiscoverable now when I search for them: but by the present sample I think you will infer that they were

not good for much, — hardly one or two by persons of any note or singularity, whom you are not already acquainted with, so far as handwriting can bring acquaintance: such were those now fallen aside, such are these now sent; if they yield you a moment's amusement in your solitude, and kindly bring you in mind of a friendly hand far away, they will do all the function they are fit for. About a fortnight ago I despatched, without any letter enclosed, a volume I have been publishing lately, Biography of a deceased Friend of mine. This also I hope you have got, or will soon get, and may derive a little pleasure from. It will give you a kind of glimpse into modern English life; and may suggest reflections and considerations which, to a *human* reader like yourself, are not without value. I wrote it last summer when we were all in Babel uproar with the thing they called "Crystal Palace," — such a gathering of jubilant *Windbeutel* from all the four corners of the world as was never let loose on our poor city before! — in which sad circumstances all serious study was as good as impossible; and, not to go quite out of patience, one had to resolve on doing something that did not need study. Thank the gods, we are now rid of that loud delirium, of street cabs, stump-oratory, and general Hallelujah to the Prince of the Power of the Air, — what I used to call the "*Wind-dust-ry* of all Nations"; — and may the angry Fates never send the like of it again in my time!

What my next task is to be? That is the question! If I were a brave Prussian, I believe I should forthwith attempt some Picture of Friedrich the Great, the last real *king* that we have had in Europe, — a long way till the next, I fear — and nothing but sordid loud anarchy *till* the next. But I am English, admonished towards England; — and Friedrich, too, is sure enough to be known in time without aid of mine. — And so I remain in suspense; have however got Preuss' big book, and decide to read that again very soon. I am much at a loss for maps and good topographies on that subject: if you could select me a very recommendable name or two, it might be of real help. We have huge map-dealers here, a wilderness of wares; and can get any German thing at once, if we will know which. *Item*, I have been reading again (for curiosity merely) about Catharine II.: — you who know Russian might guide me a little there too. Catharine is a most remarkable woman; — and we are to remember that, if she had been a *man* (as Francis I.,

Henry IV., &c.), much of the scandal attached to her name would at once fall away. Doubtless you have read Kropomisky's "Tagebuch;" is it good for anything? Are there *no* Histories but Casters's and Took's? Any news on that subject would be welcome too, some time when you are benevolent to me. Adieu, my dear Sir, and do not forget me!—

T. CARLYLE.

We have lost Miss Wynne's latitude and longitude in these her travels. If she comes to Berlin, remind her punctually of that fact. — Milnes, as you perhaps know, is at last wedded; just returning from his marriage-jaunt: a very eligible wife he got.

Chelsea, London: June 6, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR, — Since you last heard of me, I have been reading and inquiring not a little about Frederick the Great; and have often had it in view to write to you, but was always driven back by the vague state of my affairs in that quarter. For all is yet vague; I may say chaotic, pathless; — and on the whole, my studies (if they deserve that name) have hitherto served less to afford me direct vision on the subject, than to show what darkness still envelopes it for me. Books here are pretty abundant upon Frederick, for he has always been an object of interest to the English; but on the whole not the right Books, — the right Books, materials and helps are not accessible here, and indeed do not exist here even if one could (which I cannot) sit in the British Museum to read them. On the other hand, importation of books from Germany, I find, is intolerably tedious and uncertain: — so that, I have to admit that my real progress, in proportion to my labor, is quite mournfully small; and after struggling with so many dull reporters, *Preuss* (in all forms), *Ranke*, *Frédéric* ("Œuvres de," in two editions), *Voltaire*, *Lloyd* ("Tempelhof" still unattainable), *Fomini*, *Archenholz*, *Retzow*, not to speak of *Zimmermann*, *Nicolai*, *Denina*, &c. &c., "reporters" enough, — I find the thing reported of still hovering at an immeasurable distance, and only revealing itself to me in fitful enigmatic glimpses, not quite identical with any of the "reports" I have heard! — Add to which, I have no definite literary object of my own in view, to animate me in this inquiry; nothing but a natural human curiosity, and love of the Heroic, in the absence of other livelier interests from my sphere of work at present: you may figure

I have not been a very victorious laborer for the last seven or eight months.

Nevertheless, I decidedly grow in love for my Hero, and go on; and can by no means decide to throw him up at this stage of the inquiry. That I should ever write anything on Frederick seems more and more unlikely; but perhaps it would be good that my *reading* upon him, which has been a kind of intermitting pursuit with me all my life, should now finish and complete itself at last. Accordingly friend Neuberger, I believe, has won another small cargo of Books on the road for me; nay other wider schemes of inquiry are opening: one way or other, I suppose, I ought to play the game out.

From Reymann's "Kreiskarten," and Stieler's maps, joined to an invaluable old "Büsching" which has come to me, I get, or can get fair help towards all manner of topography; on the other hand, I greatly want some other kind of Book or Books which should give me with the due minuteness and due indubitability a correct basis of Chronology; in all former inquiries, I had some Contemporary set of Newspapers, *Analyse du Moniteur*, *Commons Journals*, private Diary or the like, to serve me in this respect; but here I have yet found nothing, and do much want something, the result being always an indispensable one with me, and preliminary to all other results. Had faithful Preuss done the "Œuvres de" Frederick according to what I think the right plan, all would have been safe in this particular, in the hands of so exact a man: but unfortunately he has looked on Frederick's works as *literature* (which they hardly are, or not at all are) and not as Autobiographic Documents of a World-Hero (which is their real character); and thus, tying up every little ounce-weight of different ware into a bundle of his own, — we have a most perverse regularity of method; the book, in spite of its painful unrememberable annotations, very often, unintelligible to the earnest reader; not to be read in any way except with all the volumes about you at once; and yielding at last a result which is quite bewildering, — not a living hero and the shadow of his history, but the *dissecta membra* of him and it. From these "Œuvres," were they even completed, there will be no Chronology easily attainable. — If you know of any such book as would serve me in this particular, or can hear of any, I will beg you to let me know of it. Also (after all my Büschings and Reymanns) I should be very thankful for a little Topographical Dictionary of

Prussia, or even of Germany (if not too big): Büsching's "Indexes" being hitherto my only help in this respect. Character of place, sequence of time, Topography and Chronology,—these are the warp and woof of all historical intelligibility to me.

Another book which I want still more, if there be such a book, is some Biographical Dictionary, or were it even an authentic old "Peerage Book" such as we have in England,—or even a distillation of old Army-lists and Court Calendar,—some Prussian Book, I mean, or general German Book, which would tell me a little who these crowds of empty names are, at least which of them is meant, when one hears them mentioned. This is a quite frightful want with me. There are such multitudes of different Schwerins ("of Schwerins," I somewhere heard), all of them unknown to me, so many Brandenburg-Schwedl Brunswick Bewerns, half-dozens of Dukes of Würtemberg, &c. &c.—it becomes like a Walpurgis-Nacht, where you can fix some of them into the condition of visual shadows at least! The very Margraves of Baireuth and Anspach are and continue mere echoes to me.—The Duchess of Saxe-Gotha too (Frederick's and Voltaire's), I have asked on all sides who or what she is and nobody can so much as show me the color of a ribbon of her! Voltaire's five thousand letters (one hundred times *too many*) I find as imperfectly edited as any; indeed they are three-parts utterly illegible already, for want of editing,—and must end by being flung out, as portions of Chaos or the utterly Dark, for most part before very long, I apprehend. It was Frederick alone that first sent me into that black element, or beyond the very shores of it; and I confess I had no idea how dark and vacant it had grown.—If you can think of any guide or guides for me, in this important particular at once so essential and so completely unprovided for, surely it will be a great favor. Of course there are guides better or worse, to an inquiring stranger; and the worst of them, if only authentic and intelligible, would be a kind of heaven to me in this enterprise.

Did you see the Selection from Sir Andrew Mitchell's Correspondence, two thick volumes which appeared here some years ago? Doubtless they are in some of your Berlin libraries. The Editor, one Birret, is a man of some energy and talent; but said to be very vain and ill-natured; and is, beyond doubt, profoundly ill-informed on the matter he has here

undertaken. There is a letter, from a poor English soldier, acting as servant to Marshal Keith, which gives some poor glimpses of Keith in his last moments, and of the terrible mewing of Hochkirch: you must see this poor Tebay's letter (that is the name of him) for your second edition of "Keith;" if you have it not at hand, pray apply to me for a copy, which will be very easily got. It seems there are large masses of Mitchell Correspondence still unprinted in the British Museum, and various MSS. of Frederick included in them; which, however, I believe, have been seen by Raumer and other Prussians. I read "Mirabeau," and still have him; but except Maubillon's volume on the Prussian soldiers, I found the rest mainly a huge and to me quite questionable lecture on Free-trade *à la Cobden*;—well worth its reading too, for Mirabeau is Mirabeau wherever one finds him. I have often pictured to myself the one interview of Vater Fritz and Gabriel Honoré on the stage of this world!

But, on the whole, I must now tell you of a project that has risen here of a little tour to Germany itself on our part; of which the chief justification to me,—though the female mind withal has other views in it,—would be to assist myself in the inquiries after Frederick. To look with my eyes upon Potsdam, Ruppın, Rheinsberg, Küstrin, and the haunts of Frederick; to see the Riesengebirge country and the actual fields of Frederick's ten or twelve grand battles: this would be a real and great gain to me. Hohenfriedberg, Soor, Leuthen, I could walk these scenes as truly notable ones on this Earth's surface; footsteps of a most brilliant, valiant, and invincible human soul which had gone before me through the countries and left indelible trace of himself there. Then at Berlin, one could see at least immensities of portals, Chodowieski Engravings, &c. &c. which are quite wanting in this country; as well as all manner of books to be read or to be collected and carried home for reading;—not to mention oral inquiries and communications, or the very sight of friends who might otherwise remain always invisible to me! In short, I think it not unlikely that we may actually come, my Wife and I, this very summer; and try the business a little; for there are Homburg or other watering places in the game too, and we really both of us need a little change of scene, after so many years of this Babel. The drawbacks are sad incapacity, especially on my part, for sleeping, for digest-

ing, for supporting the conditions of travel, — which are sport to most people, and alas are death to poor us! However, if the motive energy *were* sufficiently great! We can both of us speak, or could soon learn to speak, a kind of Deutsch-Kauderwälsch, which might be intelligible to the quick-eared; and for me, I have a certain readiness in bad French as well. Miss Wynne eagerly urges the attempt on hygienic grounds; others urge, and, in fact, there is a kind of stir in the matter, which may perhaps come to something.

Will you, at any rate, be so kind as to describe to me a little what you reckon the resources of Berlin in regard to my Frederick speculations might be. — Berlin, I conclude, must be the headquarter in regard to all that; — and mention especially what the proper time, both in regard to climate and to the presence of instructive persons, might be for visiting your city. People speak of Berlin heats, and sand, and blazing pavements, and again of Berlin sleets and frosts: a still more important point would be the possibility of lodging in some open-aired and above all *quiet* place; doubtless all this is manageable, — with a *maximum quidem*, and also with a *minimum*. Till your answer comes, I will stir no farther.

Miss Wynne, home from Paris this good while, seems as well as ever, and quite beautiful again. We all salute Varnhagen. — Yours always,

T. CARLYLE.

Dresden: Sept. 25, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR, — Here I actually am in Germany, and have been there three or four weeks; in my great haste and confusion I despatch a line to announce that small fact to you, — and farther that I hope to be in Berlin itself (and to see you, if I am lucky) about Tuesday or at farthest Wednesday next. I have come up the Rhine from Rotterdam; have been at Ems, Homburg, Frankfurt, Weimar, &c.: this afternoon we go towards Schandau, Lobositz; and after Lobositz, direct to Berlin, — I suppose by Zittau and Frankfurt a. O.

My wife is not here; she is safe at home, — where I wish I too were! Neuberg alone accompanies me; one of the friendliest and helpfullest road-companions man ever had. I have of course seen many interesting things; in fact I have prospered well in all respects, except that I can hardly get any sleep, in these noisy bedrooms, in these strange beds: in fact it is now four weeks since I had a

night of sound sleep; I am obliged to help myself along with broken sleep, in about half the natural quantity, — which circumstance necessarily modifies very much the objects I can hope to attempt with success in this journey of mine. To gather some old books (on the subject of Frederick), to see Portraits and Places, this is nearly all I can aim at, as matters go.

Berlin is to be my last station; from Berlin I go home by the shortest route, and at the quickest rate of steam conveyance. I calculate on staying there perhaps a week; longer if I could get a lodging where sleep were possible; but of that I fancy there is no hope! I am habitually a bad sleeper; cannot do with noises, &c., at all: and the arrangements for sleep, in all German places where I have tried, are eminently unsuitable hitherto. — If you or any of your people could advise where a quiet bedroom was to be had in Berlin, that would be one of the valuablest favors! At all events, leave a line for me "Berlin, Poste restante"; that I may know at once whether you are in Town; and where to find you. — And now for the Sächsische Schweiz, and other confused journeyings! — Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea: Janr. 15, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your "Bülow's Leben," with the kind letter in it, has come safe to hand: many thanks for so welcome and friendly a Gift, which so many others, a long list now, have preceded! It lay waiting for me here, on my return from a short sad visit I had made to Scotland, whither I had been called on the mournfullest errand, — the death of my aged, dear, and excellent Mother, whose departure I witnessed on Christmas day; a scene which, as you can well believe, has filled me with emotions and reflexions ever since, and cannot for the rest of my life be forgotten. I have kept myself very silent, and as solitary as possible ever since my return; looking out more earnestly towards new labor (if that might but be possible for me), as the one consolation in this and in all afflictions that can come. In the evenings of last week, three of them at least, I have read "Bülow," as an agreeable halting-place for my mind; and was very sorry last night when it ended upon me, as all things have to do.

You have given us a flowing Narration, in your old clear style; painted out a stormy battling Life-Pilgrimage, with



many interesting particulars in it. Bülow was not much other than a Name to me before; but I possess him now on much closer terms: the man and the scene he worked in are very vividly brought out in this Book. Both in face and in character, I find him an intensely Prussian Physiognomy; really very interesting to me,—with his strange old Swedenborgian Father, his wild Brothers, and all his peculiar environments and personalities. Almost a type Prussian, as I said; reminding me of much that I saw, and guessed, among your military people, while among you.—Was that Tauentzien a kinsman of Frederick's Governor of Breslau? A most ridiculous figure he makes in that proposed duel with Bülow!

I have gone thro' great quantities of the dearest Prussian reading since I saw you; but cannot boast to myself that Prussia or Vater Fritz becomes in the least clearer to me by the process. Human stupidity (with the pen, or with other implements in its hand) is extremely potent in this Universe! How am I to quit this Fritz after so much lost labor, is not clear to me; still less how I am ever to manage any Picture of him on those terms. Mirabeau, so far as I can see, is the only man of real *genius* that has ever spoken of him; and he only in that cursory and offhand way. In the end, I suppose I shall be reduced to Fritz's own letters and utterances, as my main resource, if I persist in this questionable enterprise. If I had been able to get any sleep in Germany my own eyes might still have done a good deal for me; but that also was not possible: the elements were too strong for so thin a skin; I was driven half-distracted after five or six weeks of that sort,—and to this hour the street of the *Linden*, and with it all Berlin, is incurably reversed to me; and I cannot bring the North side out of a *southern* posture in my fancy, let me do what I will. I remember Lobositz, however; I remember Kunersdorf too in a very impressive manner; and wish I had gone to Reinsberg, to Prag, to Leuthen, &c., &c.

My wife had a pleasant Note from Miss Wynne at Rome the other day: Rome seems full of interest to the two fair Tourists, and they are doing well,—in the middle of a large colony of English visitants, if other interests should fail. It is a very welcome hope of ours, at all times to see Miss Wynne settled within easy reach of us again.

You must recommend me to Mademoiselle Solmar very kindly, if you please:

her kind politeness to me I often think of, with real regret that I was not in a condition to profit by it more: such goodness, coupled with such gracefulness,—what but five weeks of want of sleep could have rendered it of small use to a foreign wayfarer!

We are busy here, babbling about Turk wars, Palmerston resignation-reacceptances, Prince-Albert interferences &c. &c.—with very trifling degree of wisdom, and to me with no interest whatever. London, England everywhere are swelling higher and higher with golden wealth, and the opulences which fools most prize;—London in particular is stretching itself out on every side, at a rate which to me is frightful and disgusting; for we are already two millions and more; and our new populations are by no means the beautifullest of the human species, but rather the greediest and hungriest from all ends of the Earth that are flocking towards us. We must take our destiny. "Unexampl'd prosperity," fools call it,—by no means I.—Yours ever with thanks,

T. CARLYLE.

Neuberg requested me lately to ask if you had got a copy of his "*Heldenverehrung*," and to bid you demand one appointed at Decker's, if not.—Adieu.

Chelsea —, Oct. 7, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your two notes to me,—for your kind thought in regard to that matter of "Voltaire at Frankfurt." I already had a copy of that excellent little tract,—fruit of your goodness to me at its first appearance;—and have again studied it over, more than once, since these investigations began. It lies bound up with other interesting pieces of a kindred sort; ready for use when the time comes. But you are not to think this second copy wasted either; the little pamphlet itself I have already turned to good account for my interests;—and the facts of its being sent me on those terms has a value which I would not willingly part with.

How often have I wished that I had you here "as a Dictionary!" but there is nothing such attainable in these latitudes:—the truth is, I should have come to Berlin to write this book; but I did not candidly enough take measure of it, before starting, or admit to myself, what I dimly felt, how "*gewaltig*" an affair it was sure to be! In that case, I had probably never attempted it at all. Nobody can well like his own performance worse than I in this instance, but it must be finished *taliter*

*qualiter*. Nay, on the whole it needed to be done: the English are utterly, I may say disgracefully and stupidly *dark* about all Prussian and German things;—and it did behove that some Englishman should plunge, perhaps on his mere English resources, into that black gulph, and tear up some kind of human footpath that others might follow. — At any rate, I hope to get it done; and that will be reward enough for me after the horrible imprisonment I have had in it so long.

The *Edinburgh Review* on Goethe I have not seen: somebody told me it was by —, whom you may remember: "Hat nichts zu bedeuten," there or here. Nor Lord Brougham's speculations on the *Great Friedrich* any more;—the speculations of Lord Brougham's horse are as well worth attending to. And indeed are about as much attended to by the best kind of people here! For I am happy to say, there is, sparingly discoverable, a class among us of a silent kind, much superior to that vocal one;—and many a "Palmerston," "Crimean War," &c., &c., as mirrored in the Newspapers and in the heads of these *Stillen im Lande* would surprise you by the contrasts offered. What they call "Liberty of the press" is become a thing not beautiful to look at in this country, to those who have eyes!

The Indian mutiny is an ominous rebuke. It seems probable they *will* get it beaten down again, but I observe those who know least about it make lightest of it. What would Friedrich Wilhelm have said to such an "army" as that black one has been *known* for thirty years past to be!—Miss Wynne has returned to us; bright as ever. Adieu, dear Sir, take care of yourself through the grim months.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

The little Ahlefeld book (tell Madame) is a great favorite here, as it deserves to be, with all who see it.

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From The National Review.  
A POSEUSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH  
CENTURY.

IF a soothsayer had suddenly informed Philippe Egalité, on his wedding day, that he would select as the person most capable of giving his sons, as well as his daughters, a solid education, a lady who had spent many months of her childhood in running about the country dressed as Cupid (wings omitted for church), who

only abandoned her airy costume for a boy's uniform, which she wore till she went to Paris; who could not write till she was eleven, and passed her time in acting, and in studying music and a few romances, till she was married at seventeen,—if a soothsayer had stated these facts, and informed the prince of the *rôle* that the ignorant little girl was to play in the Orleans family, he would have laid himself open to a good deal of mockery from the *beaux esprits* about the court.

Yet such, in a few words, is the early history of Madame de Genlis. She was born on January 25, 1746, at Champcéry, near Autun, and lived there, and at another house on the banks of the Loire, till she was five, when her father bought the estate of St. Aubin, and the marquise that went with it. The St. Aubins were at no time rich, not even before they were absolutely ruined; and during the years that followed their ruin the marquis was a good deal from home, his last journey being to St. Domingo, where he had property. During all this while Félicité was her mother's companion, sharing her amusements, and more than sharing her duty of entertaining any visitors. Her brother (intended for the Church, and dressed as an abbé, was being educated at a lycée; and, although mentioned in the holiday amusements, he does not seem to have been much "accounted of." "He was nothing like so brilliant a child as I," Félicité says, with the charming modesty to which she so often alludes. Who, indeed, was there to compare with her? We pass over her merely infantile triumphs, of which there were plenty. At ten she acts in "Zaïre" and "Iphigenia," and is assured by the spectators that she outdoes Clairon; she makes verses that are shown to the leading literary men in Paris, one of whom, Mondorge, "reads them with inexpressible delight!" At thirteen her harp-playing is listened to with rapture by the most accomplished musicians; her mind "has a force quite exceptional at her age;" and she shows "the greatest possible turn for dancing."

In her love affairs it is just the same. "Before I left Burgundy there occurred an event which no woman ever forgets—the first passion she inspires. I was only eleven," she says, "and very small for my age, looking about eight or nine; yet a young man of eighteen fell violently in love with me." The young man was a doctor's son, who had for two years been one of the *troupe* of players whom her mother had gathered round her. Madame

de Genlis is tediously fond of omitting to give the dates of the events recorded, though she never tries to falsify her age. She could not have been more than fourteen when she declined the offer of a M. de Monville, "having determined only to marry a man of rank, belonging to the court; in preference to any one else, I should have fixed on M. de Popelinière," she remarks, "in spite of his being a farmer-general and an old man; but he had won my admiration, whereas I felt nothing warmer than esteem for M. de Monville." Her capacity for imagining all men to be in love with her continued through most of her life. "Custom did not stale its infinite variety;" nor did the fact that (in later days) some of her adorers might have been her grandsons make much difference; yet an occasional gleam of common sense breaks through her inordinate egotism. She notes (and it is a sign of grace) that her governess openly makes fun of the flatterers who compare her to Clairon; and remarks of her own accord that, anxious though all the world may be to listen to her harp-playing, her mother is still more unduly anxious to thrust her accomplishments on the public.

It is not easy to tell how far the eight volumes of memoirs published in 1825 can really be trusted to give an accurate account of the events recorded in them. Amid the most adverse circumstances, Madame de Genlis kept a journal all through her life; but when, the Revolution drawing on, she left France, to wander for years from country to country with Mlle. d'Orléans, she handed over her precious volumes to her daughter, Madame de Valence. As Madame de Valence was soon after committed to prison, the journals, among other things, were hopelessly lost; and all that remained of the original documents was a volume that Madame de Genlis had taken with her. She assures us that the contents were so engraven on her memory by repeated readings to her friends that she was able to re-write them exactly; but (as in the case of Madame de Rémusat, with a similar misfortune) it is impossible not to feel misgivings that, although the facts may remain unchanged, the point of view may have varied, and events that have been written down as they occurred at twenty will take a very different complexion at sixty.

Still, take it how you will, these memoirs that she produced in 1812 throw an interesting and curious light on the occupations and amusements of a century

which (to use the words of Madame de Genlis) "had not only passed away, but was effaced." If the vanity which she carried into every detail of life makes a lasting and disagreeable impression on us, it does not do away with the fact that she was a keen observer and a lively writer. Indeed, as Grimm remarks, she was, although not a profound critic, well versed in the surface movements of society, and has contrived (he is alluding particularly to "Adèle et Théodore") to hit off the manners of the day without caricaturing them.

As every one is acquainted with the main facts of this strange woman's career, this article will deal chiefly with the sidelights thrown by her on the little daily fashions and habits that never lose their interest even for the most philosophic; what time our ancestors had their dinner, what clothes they wore, and similar items of foolishness.

If Madame de Genlis's own account of her bringing-up before her marriage is true, she is a remarkable example of a woman who has learnt from experience, and has contrived, even among the incessant claims of society, to repair her parents' neglect in the matter of education. At six she set forth with her mother to Paris, where she spent a few dismal weeks. After she had had two teeth taken out (the history of children is always the same), "they put a pair of stiff whalebone stays on me, and imprisoned my feet in tight shoes, which prevented me from walking. They rolled my hair in curl papers, and I wore for the first time a panier. To cure my provincial air, an iron collar was fastened round my neck; and, as I squinted a little, the moment I woke, a pair of spectacles was placed on my nose, and these I was not allowed to move for four hours. Finally, to my great surprise, I was given a master to teach me how to walk (which I thought I knew before), and I was forbidden to run, or to jump, or to ask questions." The private baptism of her infancy was supplemented by a public ceremony, and then her woes were partly forgotten in the delight of *fêtes*, and the glory of her first opera. This was "Roland le Furieux;" and she was fortunate enough to hear Chassé, the singer who five years later was ennobled "on account of his voice and his beautiful style." Unlike his comrades, he had some notion of modulation.

Modern mothers will exclaim with horror at the notion of taking their children to theatres at the age of six; but, in the

first place, music was the one genuine passion of Madame de Genlis's life; and, in the second, spectacles began at a much earlier hour than they do now. People dined at two; and the Comédie Française was supposed to draw up its curtain about five, so that the audience were able to pay evening visits or go out to supper after the performance was over, before making ready for a *bal de l'opéra*. Still, it is noteworthy that in this matter, as in regard to dress, the theory insisted on by Madame de Genlis was quite different from the practice of her youth. Her model children have their limbs free, and may ask as many questions as they choose. They are brought up in the country far from parade or ostentation of any sort,—indeed, so far from Paris that they may not even hear of such things; and if their bedtime is considerably later than we should think desirable, at least it is much earlier than that of Félicité herself. In fact, Madame de Genlis's views of bringing up children are a severe reflection on the training her own mother had bestowed; perpetual visiting, eternal plays, incessant declamation. What wonder that the child grew up to consider herself a marvel,—what wonder, either, that she was enchanted to exchange the iron collar and whalebone stays for Cupid's pink satin frock covered with point lace and sprinkled with artificial flowers, and to put on the yellow and silver boots and blue wings? The costume seems hardly suitable for muddy country lanes; yet she wore out many such garments, and next jumped to the other extreme in a boy's dress, which was the most comfortable and sensible thing she had yet worn, and enabled her to move about to her heart's content and leap over ditches. She had no education in the common sense of the word. Her governess, Mlle. de Mars, who came when Félicité was quite a little thing, was a good musician; but she read nothing with her pupil beyond Mlle. Scudéry's romances, and Mlle. Barbier's plays. In the morning the child sang, danced, and fenced; by way of recreation, she made artificial flowers, and practised four hours daily on the clavecin, the guitar, and the harp.

One cannot help speculating as to whether in those days children matured physically at an earlier age than they do now. How is it possible to explain the hours that girls then devoted to singing when they were twelve or thirteen, and the extraordinary youth of many of the *débütantes* at the Opera? Sophie Arnould her-

self came out before she was fourteen, and she is by no means a solitary example. At any rate, at thirteen, Félicité had lessons (at 6 A.M.), from the celebrated Pellegrini in singing, and in accompaniment from the composer Philidor. She learnt the musette and the viola, besides the clavecin and guitar; and for a whole year had such a passion for the harp that she practised it daily for seven hours, sometimes continuing even for ten or twelve. When about sixteen, she was living with her mother in a convent, and immense crowds assembled in church to hear her play the harp.

After all these years of Paris in the winter and country-house visiting in the summer—their income during part of the time was nominally six hundred francs—the epoch of Félicité's marriage arrived. Her father had made acquaintance with M. de Genlis at Launceston, whither both had been carried as English prisoners—one on his way from St. Domingo, the other from India and China. M. de Genlis had served for fourteen years with distinction in the navy, which did not in the least prevent his being one of twenty-four colonels of Grenadiers, and (after his marriage) joining his regiment. Before that event, however, M. de St. Aubin died of low fever; and eighteen months later his wife married a man whom her daughter had refused. Delicacy was not the distinguishing characteristic of those times. This may be gathered from the fact that the marriage of M. de Genlis had to be performed secretly, because he had allowed his uncle, M. de Puisieux, to arrange an alliance for him with another lady, and lacked the courage to inform either of them of his change of plans.

The young couple were not rich; but, as in modern days, the amount of their income (twelve thousand francs) seemed to make very little difference. No one appeared to take life seriously, and they passed their time in inventing elaborate (and costly) diversions. "Dressing-up to amuse Byng's aunt" was an entertainment that never failed. Endless are the histories of these mystifications. They induced one unfortunate man, the Duc de Civrac, to lie *perdu* in a garret for twenty-four hours after his arrival from Vienna, in order to produce him at the proper moment, in a *fête* they were preparing for M. de Puisieux's birthday. They carry on a mystification played upon a house-painter for eight months, and go through elaborate ceremonies, in which they persuade the poor fool that he is created a grandee of

Spain; and, strange to say, the deception is kept up not only by the Genlis family themselves, but by the servants and villagers. It is seldom indeed that practical jokes have any real humor; but considerable fun was got out of Madame de Genlis's first introduction to Rousseau. Some weeks before, M. de Sauvigny had given her to understand that her husband intended passing off on her Prévile the actor for Rousseau himself. Having once made this project, M. de Genlis thought no more about it; and when one day Rousseau was announced, she received him in a jaunty, off-hand manner, chattered and laughed, played and sang, and altogether showed in her conduct little of the reverence due to a philosopher. Her husband watched her in astonishment, and when Rousseau had departed, inquired how she could have gone on like that. "Oh," she answered, "you didn't suppose that I should be so simple as to take Prévile for Rousseau?" "Prévile?" "Yes; no one could have done it better, except that, of course, he ought not to have been so genial and good-humored." Rousseau, however, bore no malice; and they were quite good friends till the inevitable quarrel came.

It is to Madame de Genlis's credit that she resented being considered a "fine lady;" but she took some singular means of vindicating herself from the aspersion. Immediately after her marriage she and her husband were staying with the Marquis de Genlis in his château, and they all went fishing in the lakes. Irritated by some badinage as to "Paris manners," she picked up a live fish the length of her finger and swallowed it whole. It did not choke her; but she was punished for the nasty trick by the horrible fear, which possessed her for many months, that the fish was alive and would grow.

The custom of ladies following the drum was not considered correct in the last century. Thus, when M. de Genlis was occupied by garrison duties, his wife either retired into a convent or stayed with some elderly relative. It was at these times that she began to improve herself. She spent her days in reading Roman History, Madame de Sévigné, the "Lettres Provinciales," Marivaux, and other authors, while she learnt cooking and embroidery from the nuns. On her husband's return to his brother's house of Genlis, near St. Quentin, they amuse themselves as before. She takes to riding, and "becomes very clever at it;" is taught billiards, reversi, and picquet; doctors the

village (bleeding is among her accomplishments); and acts plays in odd moments. It is easy to see that she is not greatly pleased with the fuss that is made over her young sister-in-law, the marquise, for she never loses a chance of having a fling at her. Indeed, the art of "praising the charms" of "a sister," or of anybody else, was not one of the many in which Madame de Genlis excelled. The delight and asperity with which she records the failures of all who attempt to vie with her, in particular of her young aunt, Madame de Montesson, whom she declares that she loves "almost to madness," are surprising. Like Alexander, she would reign, and she would reign alone, and no attempt to interfere with her sovereignty is allowed to go unpunished. According to her own view, she is a quiet and unobtrusive person, and could with difficulty be roused to bear any part in what was going on. "Up to this time," she writes, when relating her visit to the Prince de Conti's lovely property called l'Ile d'Adam,—"up to this time I was only known by my harp and my face. I had always kept silence when in company, and my reserve and timidity augured ill for my conversation." One evening, however, it was suggested that she and two gentlemen should act a *proverbe*. It was a prodigious success, and all the ladies were crazy to act *proverbes*. Therefore a series of entertainments, in which Madame de Montesson and Madame de Sabran had parts, were arranged. Alas! "they played not even passably, but ridiculously, and, becoming aware of their failure, lost their tempers and were very cross. Madame de Sabran cried with rage, and henceforth was my enemy. I have made many from equally frivolous causes."

The *naïveté* of this last remark is delicious. The words could only have been uttered by a person without a grain of humor. But then humor is a wonderful specific against vanity, and is the best preservative against making oneself ridiculous. Madame de Genlis had none of it, and rambles complacently on, narrating her own triumphs at the expense of every one else. This aunt, Madame de Montesson, plays a great part in her life. They are always quarrelling and always "making it up;" but, whatever terms they may be on at the moment, Madame de Genlis never loses an opportunity of telling tales to her discredit. She is furious with Madame de Montesson for becoming the morganatic wife of the Duke of Orleans (father of Philippe Egalité),



and scoffs at her pretensions to being an author and a *bel esprit*, declaring that she was "so ignorant all round, she could never have written her plays without Lefebvre's help," and that "the few clever bits in them were stolen straight from Marivaux." "I was her dupe in nothing," she continues. "When you once have the key to an artificial character, it is easily understood, because there is not a movement but what is calculated." These remarks, deliberately written down to be read to the friends of the person who is the object of them, and afterwards to be printed, are not genial; but there is worse behind. Seventeen years later, *à propos* of the marriage of her own daughter Pulchérie, she calmly says that it is universally reported that Madame de Montesson, then a widow, was in love with the bridegroom, M. de Valence, but that she (Madame de Genlis) had reassured herself by arguing that, even if M. de Valence had been the lover of a woman much older than himself, his marriage with a pretty girl of seventeen would put an end to all that; and as for the *dof* of two hundred thousand francs which she permitted a friend to beg from Madame de Montesson, she contents herself with observing that in reality it is not Pulchérie to whom it is given, but M. de Valence himself.

Madame de Genlis would have been very much surprised if she had been told that in all this she appears infinitely more culpable than the person she is abusing; yet this is probably the impression that will be left on the minds of most of her readers. She was twenty-four when she was nominated lady-in-waiting to the Duchesse de Chartres, afterwards Duchesse d'Orléans, with a salary of four thousand francs, while her husband was made captain of the Guards, with six thousand. At that time the society of the Palais Royal was the most brilliant and witty in Paris. Ill-breeding, or any flagrant scandal, shut the door inexorably; but neither a spotless life nor a shining gift of any sort was indispensable. As long as people had good manners, and were rich and pretty, they might find their way in; and *dévotes*, prudes, and coquettes of all kinds were to be met with on opera nights, when any one who had once been presented might drop in to supper. On the other evenings of the week the circle was select. The ladies sat round a table with their embroidery frames, or heaps of gold fringes to "drizzle" or unravel; and the gentlemen sat behind and joined in the conversation.

According to her own story, Madame de Genlis was not at all a favorite with the members of this little court. Still, satisfied with the approbation of the duke and duchess, she kept as much as possible to her own rooms, and busied herself with her books and her music. Then the Opera-house was accessible by a covered way from the Palais Royal, and she constantly attended the rehearsals of Gluck's operas, which Gluck was conducting himself. Twice a week, too, he made a point of coming to her rooms and hearing her sing and play the harp. She never suffered anything to interfere with her music, and practised every evening for two hours.

When the twin princesses were eleven months old (one of them died at five years) they were handed over entirely to her care, and she retired with them to a house not far from the Palais Royal, called Belle-Chasse. Whatsoever Madame de Genlis's faults may have been, she was not lacking in energy. She regulated the minutest details of the establishment, so as to conduct it on economical principles; she calculated the amount of every kind of food necessary for the day's consumption, and even knew the current prices of the market. While the children were young, she had more time to devote to her literary work, and published her first volume of the "Théâtre d'Education," which made "a perfect rage" for her, and sorely excited Madame de Montesson's jealousy. In our judgment the enthusiasm seems somewhat misplaced. "The Death of Adam," "The Return of Tobias," "Agar in the Desert" (a comedy), and similar works, gain nothing by being transplanted from their original setting and converted into dramas. The other volumes are secular; but, although the actors express themselves in a natural way, they are moral stories rather than plays, and, as such, not likely to attract children.

At this time Madame de Genlis was thirty-one, and, in compliance with a vow, had left off rouge at the very age when most women would feel inclined to take to it. Her life at Belle-Chasse for the next thirteen or fourteen years was very quiet; but she declares it was the happiest time of her existence. She never went into society at all; but she saw her immediate friends and relations every evening for two hours, and the general public once a week, from 6 till 9.30. She soon had a perfect little academy; for her mother (now a widow for the second time) and her two daughters lived with her, while the English nurses of the princesses were

supplemented, when the children were five, by the arrival from England of Pamela. Every one knows that Pamela was believed to be the child of Philippe Egalité and Madame de Genlis herself, and this belief is strengthened by the elaborate and highly improbable account given by Madame de Genlis of the baby's parentage, and still more emphatically by the welcome subsequently bestowed on the girl by her mother-in-law, the Duchess of Leinster. Whosoever she was, Pamela was certainly a fascinating little person, horribly careless over her lessons, and gaining the hearts of all who knew her. By and by the circle was joined by two relations of Madame de Genlis, her cousin Henriette de Sercey, and her brother's orphan boy; and then came the supreme moment of her life, when she was requested by the duke to take the entire charge of his three sons, the eldest of whom, the Duc de Valois, was only eight.

The appointment of a woman as governor naturally excited a good deal of mirth at Versailles; but in the end society was satisfied. It must be said that Madame de Genlis did not spare herself. She exercised her functions wisely and well; exercised them, too, without accepting a penny more of salary than what she received for Mlle. d'Orléans. She had absolute control over their teachers, and kept a journal of all their lessons and hours, which she arranged with the utmost care. The princes got up at 7 A.M. They slept at the Palais Royal, and were taught Latin and sums till eleven. They were then taken to Belle-Chasse, and at two they all dined. After dinner the tutors left, and she undertook the children herself till nine, when the tutors returned, and after supper the boys were conveyed home to bed. These seem long hours; but in the country, where they all passed eight months of the year, they may have been rather shorter. Some of the lessons — history, literature, and mythology — Madame de Genlis gave herself. Her first experience of teaching M. de Valois can hardly be called encouraging. She turned round in the midst of recounting some exciting deed of his ancestors, to find him yawning and stretching himself, and finally throwing himself at full length on the sofa with his feet on the table! Punishment promptly followed, and the offence was never repeated.

Her plan of education (practically the same as that described in "Adèle et Théodore") seems very sensible; only, the children were hardly left enough to them-

selves. To be properly carried out, too, it requires a great deal of money, a large house, and an absolute isolation and self-sacrifice on the part of the teachers. Private people would have to think of some easier (and cheaper) method of teaching their children history than hanging their rooms with tapestries representing characters and events, or with a series of instructive pictures painted in *gouache*. They would not be always able to afford several personal attendants of every nationality, nor would most boys enjoy having a German valet to accompany them in their walks. The games in the garden — games of adventures and shipwrecks — would be very popular; and so would the portable theatre, though we could have wished them something more lively to act than the "Théâtre d'Education," of which new volumes were always appearing. If they "talked in German," they "dined in English" and "supped in Italian;" and at odd moments they studied botany and chemistry and painted in *gouache*. When in Paris, they all worked at trades; and on one occasion there was an exhibition at the Louvre of the Russia leather cases, baskets, tools, wardrobes, and other things, entirely made by the Orleans children. In their leisure hours they visited museums, galleries, and manufactories, and any other places worth seeing. They were even brought up from St. Leu to Paris, by their enthusiastic governess, in order that they might watch from Beaumarchais' Garden the crowd assembling for the taking of the Bastille.

Amidst all this practical teaching, the claims which society would have upon them were not forgotten. Dancing was taught them by Dauberval of the Opera; every Saturday they "received" at Belle-Chasse; and once a week, after the eldest was twelve, they were taken to the Français. They learned to swim. They were taught to bleed, and to dress wounds; in acquiring which arts they practised on the poor at the Hôtel Dieu. It is possible they were not more clumsy than many medical students.

It is amazing that with all this Madame de Genlis managed to give up so much time to her writing; but she produced many books, most of which were on the education of her pupils. Of these "Adèle et Théodore" (highly commended by Grimm for its grace, style, and sense, though most of the ideas had been anticipated by Locke and Rousseau) is the best known, and even now is not at all

bad reading. It rivalled, almost successfully, Madame d'Epinau's "Conversations d'Emilie" for the Monthyon Prix d'Utilité given by the Academy. Madame d'Epinau won the prize, to her rival's astonishment and disgust; but the defeated one consoles herself with thinking that it is a piece of revenge on the part of the philosophers for the stress which she has laid on religion. In a little story called "Les Deux Réputations" (Veillées du Château) she censures the judgment, and remarks that, "in spite of his brilliancy, Voltaire is really mediocre in everything, producing nothing but platitudes, and writing about all subjects in the same way." Voltaire apart, it must be owned that Madame d'Epinau's little book has certainly the advantage in simplicity, originality, and humor—qualities not in the least characteristic of Madame de Genlis. The affair occasioned a good deal of talk at the time, and called forth some amusing comments from the Duchesse de Grammont, sister of the Duc de Choiseul. "I am charmed at the result of the competition," she writes to a friend, "for I am certain that Madame de Genlis will die of disappointment, which will be delightful, or she will revenge herself by a satire on the philosophers, which also will be diverting; and, finally, I am enchanted that every one shall see what I have long been convinced of, that the Academy is in its dotage." The duchess was rigidly impartial.

As the years wear on, the Duchess of Orleans grows colder and colder towards her; a change which Madame de Genlis professes to attribute to political causes, though other reasons may occur to the reader. At last, in 1790, she sends in her resignation. The duke declines to accept it, and a peace is patched up. An absence of a few weeks proves, Madame de Genlis says, that Mademoiselle could not do without her; she is reinstated in her position, and in October, 1791, is hastily sent with her pupil and Pamela to England. This was Madame de Genlis's second visit; and on the first occasion, some years earlier, she had made the acquaintance of Burke, Walpole, Sheridan, and many others, whose friendship she was glad to claim. We must not linger over the many interesting episodes of their English life and country-house visits to the "castle" of le chevalier Hoare and to the lovely conservatories of le chevalier Bunbury. Every one treated the fugitives with much kindness; but the most romantic event of their English sojourn

was the brief engagement of Sheridan to Pamela.

If Madame de Genlis is to be believed, Pamela owed neither of her two proposals to her own attractions, but solely to her resemblance to the late Mrs. Sheridan, with whom Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as well as Sheridan himself, was violently in love. Her betrothal to Sheridan, now a man of forty-seven, lasted hardly more than a fortnight. She returned to France, whither he was to follow her as soon as he had arranged some "pressing affairs." They speedily forgot each other; and in a few weeks Pamela was the wife of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

For nine years Madame de Genlis, proscribed as an *émigrée*, wandered from country to country, before she was allowed to return to France. But the years of the Revolution had done more than sweep away obnoxious institutions and the buildings that were their outward sign; it had absolutely changed men's ways and manners, and the Paris of the first consul was no more the Paris of the old *régime* that she knew so well. Napoleon was always very kind to her—he allotted her rooms in the Arsenal, and kept up a correspondence with her; but he could not bring back the birds to the nests of last year. The very language had changed its meaning, and the polite, exaggerated phrases of yore had become more familiar and brutal. Hours were later too. Theatres were not over till eleven, and, if people occasionally gave suppers after, the old gaiety was absent. Ceremony had taken the place of ease and courtesy. At the *petits soupers* which formed the joy of the Paris *où l'on s'amusait*, the ladies had been all on an equal footing; a duchess had no precedence over a queen of finance, and would have been thought ill-mannered had she accepted any. When the *maitre d'hôtel* observed that "Madame est servie," the lady next the door walked down first, and the others followed and placed themselves where they chose. On entering, a bow to the hostess was thought sufficient, and the visitor was expected to watch his opportunity and steal away when it suited him, without drawing public attention to his movements.

In 1802 all this was altered. The mistress of the house was bombarded with compliments by the newly arrived guest, on his entrance and on his exit; due consideration was given to rank and importance; and gesticulation and raised voices took the place of the well-bred calm that formerly reigned in *salons*. The purely

ornamental education of former days was exchanged for as purely a useful one; but one habit of the *grand monde* in France (and in other countries) remained as before—the perpetual sighs of the fine ladies after a simple pastoral life, while no entertainment of any sort was ever allowed to slip.

It was in the days of her life at the Arsenal that Madame de Genlis was visited by Miss Edgeworth, her father, and her sister, on the occasion of their six weeks' tour in France, which was so nearly expanded into a residence of twelve years. In a charming book, which, unluckily, was printed privately, Miss Edgeworth gives an amusing account of their pious pilgrimage. She thought the celebrated authoress *très peu soignée* in her attire and "surroundings;" that Madame de Genlis wore a wig which was not always perfectly straight, and that she would have nothing whatever to say to Miss Edgeworth, but devoted herself to playing off her airs and graces on the only gentleman of the party. This account is borne out by one given, in 1823, by the condenser of Madame de Genlis's memoirs (and "pruner of her periods"), M. F. Barrère. The writer's young niece was anxious to see a lady of whom she had heard so much; so they both visited her in a small apartment she then occupied in the Place Royale. "Everything was very badly kept, and Madame de Genlis herself was sitting before a pine-wood table covered with miscellaneous objects in the utmost disorder—tooth-brushes, false hair, two half-finished pots of jam, eggshells, combs, a roll, pomade, hair-wash, some dregs of coffee in a broken cup, the end of a candle, a water-color sketch, cheese, a lead inkstand, two books, and some loose papers covered with verses." After such a sight, the "ease of manner" with which she had welcomed her guests must have fallen very flat, and her inevitable talk of herself and her accomplishments flatter still. We will close with one more anecdote, one related by herself.

Soon after the Venus of Milo was brought to Paris (at least so we gather, though no dates are given), Madame de Genlis went to see it in company with Lord Bristol and Horace Vernet. Words cannot express her disgust at the ugliness of the thing. "It has bad eyes, a clumsy nose (not in the least Greek), a disagreeable mouth, a frightful throat—indeed, it has so little beauty that I am driven to believe that, so far from being the ideal of loveliness, it can only be a portrait. Of

course, I may be wrong; but that is my view." Then, some time after, she added in a note, "I think that, after all, I must be right in my judgment, as no foreigner ever asks to see the statue, and it has fallen into complete oblivion." Listen to Paul de St. Victor: "Thanks to her, Beauty has touched Sublimity; the world of stone has found its queen. At the sight of her face how many altars crumbled, how many shrines grew empty! The Venus de Medici, the Venus of the Capitol, the Venus of Arles hung their heads, and acknowledged the might of this other Venus, this Venus twice victorious. Venus rising from the waves has asserted her empire, and gods and men have bowed to her will."

More than anything else she could have said, this last criticism has weakened our confidence in the talents of Madame de Genlis, who has already challenged inspection by the way she defies it. Yet, unsympathetic, spiteful, vain, and untruthful as she is, some good qualities remain to her. She was ready to accept new ideas, without being carried away by them; without any outside help, she contrived to educate herself in a solid manner, at a period when anything beyond a smattering and a jargon was looked on with suspicion. She never wasted a moment, did her best for the children entrusted to her care, and never lost courage in misfortune. Also, which is perhaps more uncommon, she never lost interest in the occupations that had taken up so many hours of her earlier days. Thus, it must be admitted that the world was the better for Madame de Genlis.

L. B. LANG.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### FIVE VOICES FROM AN OLD MUSIC-BOOK.

IN TWO PARTS.

#### PART II.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but hope fulfilled is a spring of never-failing healing.

A FEW months passed in perfect quiet and almost utter despair. Joyce Ayler was calm and quite submissive, but the cloud that had passed over her young life had apparently effaced every recollection from it.

"Was there nothing to do her any good?" the poor squire asked in nervous irritability as, one after another, most of the famous doctors were sent for.

"Nothing," and their searching look into the father's restless eyes filled him with a keener reproach even than their cruel answer.

"There is no madness," he would say quickly enough. "Nothing in my family to account for it." But a quick, confused cough generally ended this assertion.

"This is barely what we could pronounce madness," one doctor bolder than the others affirmed. "It is more a jar which the mind has received. It could never have been strong; and such cases sometimes result from strong passions, or drink in the progenitors, which leave their heirs with this peculiarly delicate constitution. Miss Aylmer will never be strong, and she will require constant care; but there is nothing, to my mind, to prevent her some day from returning out of this state of oblivion in which she is now living. I should advise a total change of scene and association."

"Good God!" roared the squire. "Do you mean to say, sir, you would shut her up?" and his eyes shone a perfect fire on the astounded physician.

"Most certainly not," the doctor answered; but his inward comment was, "I would you, this very minute, if I had the chance." However, he only went on, "I would take her away from Aylmer and all its surroundings. I would never speak about the place before her, and I would travel abroad somewhere for a year where she has never been before. Do not keep her too long in the same place, but always be showing her fresh sights, and one day her mind, we must hope, may begin to receive and retain outward impressions. Never refer to the past; and above all be very gentle, not only to her, but before her."

"I always have been one of the most considerate and gentle of fathers," the old squire began; but here Mrs. Aylmer came into the room, and her husband, with his head hanging in a very unusual manner, shuffled out of it.

He went round to the stables and patted his favorite hunter. "Am I to leave you, my beauty? Am I to be driven from all I love?" and he leant his head for a moment on the beautiful creature's neck, who whinnied, and arched it, and did all she could to caress her old master.

"Hulloh! what's hup with you, making that fool's noise!" cried the stud groom; for, like master, like servant, every one at Aylmer seemed to use the same language.

"Why the — was that bucket left by

the door, you fool?" cried the squire; a perfectly different being from the man who the minute before had been nearly crying over his mare. "I knocked my shins against it this very instant. A more careless, lubberly set of louts, as you all are, I never saw in a gentleman's stables."

Inside the Hall a very different but a very animated discussion was taking place between Mrs. Aylmer and Miss Eliza. They also had heard the doctor's prescription, but they were both perfectly sure it would never be carried out.

"And if you did go," Miss Eliza jerked out, forgetting to do her pearl stitches in the ribbing of her socks, "and if you did go, pray what is to prevent your meeting other young men, and what is the use of her getting well if she is to fall in love with the next young man you are silly enough to encourage?"

"What is the use!" cried poor Mrs. Aylmer, exasperated beyond all endurance, and turning as only mothers and worms can turn; "what is the use, Eliza, of living to the end of your life without one spark of love or sympathy or feeling? What is the use indeed —"

"Have you heard what Dalrymple advises?" the squire asked, interrupting his wife, and fretfully appearing at that instant.

"Yes," Mrs. Aylmer answered shortly, with a heightened color and two unusually bright eyes. She had not said her say to Miss Eliza yet, and she had a whole pocketful of stones to fling at her adversary.

"Haven't you got anything to say, then?" the squire asked quickly.

Latterly he had not been able to bully his wife as much as in former days; for with his daughter's weakness a new spring of strength had come to her mother, and there was a quiet, firm look about her which stayed some of his temper.

"Say!" she echoed. "I don't know what to say. Of course I would go to the end of the world with her, but we could not leave you. I don't know how we could go."

"Quite impossible. Utter impossibility," came from Miss Eliza's most knock-me-down voice.

Those four words settled the squire.

He had been put out, first of all, by the implied reproach to his own temper in Doctor Dalrymple's speech; secondly, in the thought of leaving Aylmer and going abroad among a "beastly set of foreigners;" and, thirdly, at spending a winter without any hunting. So, the first speech that could legitimately be contradicted was contradicted, and the law once passed



according to the Aylmer edict never could be revoked.

"Not go!" he said, turning upon his wife as a monster of selfishness and heartlessness. "Not go, when your own daughter's happiness and health are at stake! I never heard such infamous conduct in my life! Any other mother would move heaven and earth to go if it would save her child!"

"So I would, God knows. And it is only Joyce who makes a heaven to me here," the poor mother cried with quivering voice. "But you would never go, Robert. You know how you hate the Continent. How can I leave you and take her?"

"Oh! Of course! Lay everything on me. It would not be you if you did not. Of course it is her wretched father who detains her, and he has been the cause of her illness, and of everything dreadful that does happen. He knows that well enough. Do you suppose, madam, I did not know what that idiot dared to insinuate? I had a hard matter not to kick the brute out of the house. Oh, no! You need not look so innocent. You know what I mean. But hark you. I will have no more of your lying tales when those fools come, and you may give your own instructions as you please to the household; but this day month I intend we all, with your maid and Joyce's, leave this house, and until that day year we shall not return. Do you hear?" he stamped. And then he left the room.

"Good gracious!" Miss Eliza cried, and for the second time in her life her knitting fell on her lap.

"Thank God!" poor Mrs. Aylmer cried, and the tears that had been driven to bay by her husband's angry words now fell down her face in a perfect stream of thankfulness.

"What for?" Miss Eliza asked, in her harsh tone. But Mrs. Aylmer took no notice of her; all the sharp speeches were forgiven, all the stones rolled out of her pocket, all the years of tyranny were forgotten. If God would only answer her prayer! What else had she to grieve about? Greater things have been done, she would say to herself, and the steady faith that surely God would hear her now kept her quiet, and gave her a certain peace she had never felt before. At first Miss Eliza made the most difficulty. She proposed staying on at Aylmer; but to this proposition the squire firmly objected. The Hall was to be shut up, and only the housekeeper left in charge. Then she

thought of going to some watering-place and making a home for herself; but she was so damped in this plan by finding no one against it that she gave that up also, and finally, to the annoyance of Mrs. Aylmer, who had enough to harass her without Miss Eliza's company, she settled to travel with them.

"It would be so very dull for you without me," she said, in a happy state of ignorance as to the price of her companionship.

Mrs. Aylmer, with her usual resignation, accepted this doubtful good fortune with the best grace she could. The squire would neither propose nor think of any place. "I am in your hands," he would say, with a sullen moroseness. "Go where you like. Do what you like. Amuse yourselves in the best way you can. I say nothing."

Miss Eliza found fault with every town Mrs. Aylmer suggested. At last in their desperation poor Mrs. Aylmer mentioned Paris as the first stage in their journey, and in spite of the numerous difficulties that were thrown in her way, and the many reasons that were given that it was "the worst place imaginable" for them to go to, she stood to her decision, and for Paris that very day month, as the squire had commanded, they all departed. They stayed there a week. Each day it rained pitilessly, and the squire hung disconsolately about the hotel. He would not put his foot out of doors.

"You did not mind weather at home,"

Mrs. Aylmer meekly remarked.

"That is good honest Yorkshire rain — rain to make you see the crops grow, and to do the world good. Here, it is only this beastly beggarly French rain, neither good for man nor beast; but you have brought me here, and here I must stop till you tell me to go."

Miss Eliza, with a black bag on the table always beside her, with her knitting in it, and a little French dictionary, a clean pocket-handkerchief, and a bottle of lavender water which she was always scattering broadcast about the room, would sniff, and toss her head, and say, "A great mistake this coming to Paris. I always told you so, Dora. Besides, you never know who you may run against in a Paris hotel, and ten to one you will meet —"

"Are Aylmers afraid of meeting any one?" growled the squire, with an angry fire in his blue eyes.

"Of course I have done wrong," cried the poor mother. "Of course I am to blame; but if I don't suggest anything,

who would?" Here Joyce came in. In an instant a transformation scene took place. The squire lost his irritability, and with a sudden gentleness known only before to his favorite hunters, he looked at his daughter and placed a chair for her. She passed him by, and did not speak, but went straight to her mother, who dropped her nervous timidity, and with a quiet protecting possession told her to sit on the sofa by her side. Miss Eliza alone remained unmoved.

"Much good this coming here will do," she muttered under her breath.

As the squire would not get reconciled to Paris, Mrs. Aylmer at last proposed another move, and suggested that they should get down by degrees to the south of France.

"Don't move for my sake," the squire said. "One place is as bad as another. They are all alike here. I don't care where you go." But she kept to the moving with a steady persistency. Had not Doctor Dalrymple said, "Take her to fresh places continually"? So, in spite of the squire's remonstrances and Miss Eliza's great displeasure, she insisted upon taking Joyce to picture-galleries, concerts, even to circuses; nothing was too great or too small in the mother's heart to effect the change she was praying for day and night.

"Was not a leper once cleansed?" she thought, shuddering, "and was not his remedy but a little thing, so little that he at first almost refused to do it; and dare I refuse or call anything little that may heal my child?" The same spirit that prompted the little maid hundreds of years ago, prompted Mrs. Aylmer now, and she resisted her husband's taunts, and steadily took her daughter to every amusement she could.

"You are making up for all your years of dulness at Aylmer," the squire would sneer. "I wonder how you have contrived to stand them."

And Miss Eliza "would think it very strange how almost every Englishwoman threw aside her dignity as soon as she went abroad. There is something deteriorating in morals, manners, and everything in a country governed by the pope. There always is," she ended, with a very Protestant sniff.

It was very fortunate for Mrs. Aylmer that money formed no part of her anxieties, and that they could travel wherever they liked. From one part of the south of France to the other they moved, always restless, always seeking what they could

not gain, and finding nothing but disappointments and troubles. In one of their numerous halting-places they found themselves at Perpignan, a little, sleepy, quaint town, looking as if it had been literally taken up and crammed in anyhow between the shelter of its gates. A slow, sluggish stream ran just in front of the hotel, and here the whole life of the place seemed to congregate in the form of some half-dozen women who were busy all day washing clothes. But the women, picturesque, as they could not fail to be, had not the usual brightness of the French women; they were too near the Spanish frontier for that.

"How long do you mean to stay in this hole, madam?" the squire asked the morning after their arrival. "You get from worse to worse."

But Mrs. Aylmer did not heed his speech. She thought she had noticed a brighter look on her daughter's face, and certainly she had more color now than she had a few weeks ago. She made some excuse to get her husband to take Joyce for a little walk, while she wanted to make inquiries about different purchases in the town. But this innocent dissembler had no purchases to make; she only went as far as the cathedral. Her first object in every place was to escape her husband and Miss Eliza, and to get to the nearest church she could find, and there her one great prayer was that her child might be healed. The squire would have laughed at her. "Churches were all very well in their way," he thought, "but Sunday was the proper day for them, and he could not understand a parcel of women bobbing and bowing on weekdays as if they had not anything better to do, or as if they could not pray in their own rooms." Miss Eliza had a lurking suspicion of Mrs. Aylmer's "tendencies," as she called them, and never failed to deal out her ideas of the "knavery and trickishness of the papal doings."

Past a great arch and through the principal street till she turned down a side one the poor mother hurried, and then just in front of her stood the large cathedral. An open place led up to it. Arriving at the steps, she looked back to see if any of her party were about; then, with almost a guilty but a very relieved feeling, she opened the great door and went in. There was nothing remarkable in the church. About a dozen white-capped women had come in also, and were kneeling at the back of their high straw chairs. A dozen more griefs were being laid at the feet of one who had promised relief to all who

came to him. A dozen more thanksgivings, promises, and intentions were being made. Mrs. Aylmer knelt, and made hers also. What would she not give to him if only Joyce might be made whole? What gift would be too precious? What thanksgiving too great? As she knelt her weary years of thralldom faded away; one sorrow blotted them all out; one great longing, intense and almost fierce, filled her heart. Her look of anguish must have crept over her face; for a peasant woman, younger than the rest, paused as she passed Mrs. Aylmer's chair, and the look of kindred that a seen sorrow generally gives, flashed from her brown eyes. The look was reflected in Mrs. Aylmer's sad ones, and this stranger peasant stopped and said quite simply, as only a French woman could;—

"Madame est seule, et madame est étrangère, n'est-ce pas? Ah! madame, vous ne savez pas quelle sympathie j'ai pour vous. Je voudrais bien vous aider. Ah! la pauvre madame!" And she held out her brown working hands and stroked Mrs. Aylmer's thin, white, diamond-ringed ones. Some steps came clattering along the stone floor, and Mrs. Aylmer nervously turned her head. What if her husband or Miss Eliza should find her kneeling in a foreign church, and a peasant woman like this talking to her? But only some more countrywomen entered, and poor Mrs. Aylmer turned again, and looking into the kindly, honest face beside her, answered: "Oui, je suis seule." For was not her daughter taken from her? and had her husband ever been anything to her? And tears again filled her sad eyes.

"Mais, madame! la pauvre madame! elle n'est pas seule," answered the soft, thrilling voice. "Voilà, madame! voilà!" And she pointed to the altar before which the lamp was swinging and burning. "Il vous enseignera; Il vous aidera; Il est toujours avec nous—le bon Dieu." What was there in this simple little speech that touched the suffering heart so? What fresh depth of faith did it reach? What new comfort did it bring? Surely even little speeches are the gift of God, and the smallest sayings sometimes have the greatest results. Mrs. Aylmer came away that morning happier, stronger in her faith; she no longer felt forsaken; one was with her in her hard fight, and she felt certain that one day, oh! one day, he *must* let her be the conqueror.

But a hard and fresh trial came for her on the morrow. "Did you hear that noise last night?" Miss Eliza asked at

breakfast. "Such shouting and dragging of luggage, and such stormy voices! Then, actually—yes, actually—a man began whistling in the room above mine. I could hear him distinctly. He prevented my having any rest. Hotel life certainly is very uncomfortable." And she looked daggers across the table at Mrs. Aylmer. Their English servant, who waited to see if they would require more toast, rolls, eggs, etc. (for the squire insisted wherever he went on having his regular breakfast at his regular hour), was too well trained to make any remark; but later on, when Mrs. Aylmer and Joyce were going out and crossing the courtyard, their civil landlord, hat in hand, hurried out to meet them. He begged to be allowed to inquire if their rest had been broken; he was so grieved to think madame might have been incommoded, but he could not have hindered it. It was the night train from Barcelona, and passengers going on to Paris often rest at Perpignan. "There have not been many, though, this season. Spain is not so much the fashion. Some years it has been crowded; they come, they rush for beds, for café, for attendance, for everything! and then," with a significant shrug, "they make the tour of the town, and they are off that evening. That is the way, madame. But then they are not English like madame!" He ended with a profound bow.

"Who arrived last night?" Mrs. Aylmer asked, not the least caring to know, but for something to say, and unconsciously her eye rested on some portman-teaus waiting in the courtyard. H. C. in letters that were yellow from much travelling greeted her. G. H. and W. R. also stood a little way behind.

"I cannot say, madame. Some gentlemen, young, I believe, and foreigners. I was not expecting arrivals, and I was at a neighbor's, and they have not yet descended; but see, madame, they come." Clattering down the broad stone stairs rushed three young men.

"I say, this is the queerest place we have stumbled on yet. Where shall we get some food? Not into that funereal room we were shown into last night, I hope. Look out, Henry! It is your turn this time. You go and tackle monsieur the landlord, and do the thing well. No nonsense, mind. His best food and wine, or we cut it at once, and some horses out directly, for we are not going to stop in this hole all day, and the time of the Bordeaux train to-night. Now then! Go it,

old boy! There he is bowing and scraping to the elderly lady in black."

Mrs. Aylmer turned with a sudden dignity. Was this the way to talk about her? She had forgotten that Englishmen would scarcely expect to find English ladies in this little, out-of-the-way town. "I say, what are riding-horses? I get so awfully confused after those Spanish names," answered a strangely familiar voice; but in a moment it was hushed, for Henry Cotterville caught sight of Mrs. Aylmer's face, proud, quiet, and very pale. Instinctively he raised his hat, but she took no notice of him; she drew herself up, taller and straighter than ever. "Joyce, my darling, the sun is too hot; we will go back," she said, and she took her daughter's hand. Her very dress brushed Henry Cotterville on the staircase as he still stood, hat in hand, too astonished to take it off, or make any other sign of recognition. She looked consciously at her daughter, dreading what effect this meeting might have; but Joyce looked into Henry's bewildered face with the utmost unconsciousness of ever having seen him before, and Mrs. Aylmer breathed freely again. As for Henry Cotterville, he stood dumbfounded. He had not heard of Joyce's illness, and her passing him by in that unmoved manner gave a greater shock to his vanity than he could have thought possible. If the faintest sign of recognition had been given him, his mother's lectures would have fallen to the ground, and he would have done his best to enter again the forbidden ground, and reinstate himself in the Aylmer favor. The future that was mapped out for him was not half so much to his taste as the future he had mapped out for himself. He had not been so petted or looked up to since his visit to Aylmer; neither was the young lady he had promised to propose to, after this Spanish tour, half as pretty as Joyce Aylmer.

But her property had always been a Naboth's vineyard to the Cottervilles, and as it joined the portion of the estate that was allotted to Henry as a younger son, Lady Cotterville deemed it essential they should be made one. Besides this question of division and arranging of land, Lady Cotterville had also very decided reasons of her own that her favorite son should not intermarry with the Aylmers.

"It is a deuced bore," Henry said to himself; "but she need not have cut me in that very decided manner." And he put on his hat again, and twirled his moustache with a very offended air.

"Acquaintances of yours, Hal? or only the proper thing to do, etcetera, etcetera, when you meet sour-faced old women with pretty daughters, eh?" chaffed one of his friends.

"I don't know them from Adam," rolled out in a great falsehood from his lips; but hearing a door open suddenly, and fearing the squire should be the next to approach, he hurried to the landlord's private little sitting-room, and there, without asking any questions, he saw, safe enough, "Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Aylmer, Miss Eliza Aylmer, *femme de chambre*, valet, England," all written in the landlord's pointed writing. His next search was for an *indicateur*, and there he found a train for Bordeaux in two hours. Then he called his companions, and said if they meant to stay a day in such a hole he did not, and he should start that afternoon. They could stop if they wished, and join him at Bordeaux the next morning. And as for food, he could not touch anything in that awful *salon* — the very sight of it was enough, so he should go to his room and write some letters.

"Never knew you turn crusty before, Hal. Better get what fun you can out of the place."

But Henry was firm, and as discretion forms the better part of valor, he discreetly shut himself into his room till it was time to go to the station.

In the mean while Mrs. Aylmer was in a fever; she was thankful, yet miserable, that Joyce had not recognized the author of all her trouble. Yet did it not show that she was even worse than any doctor had expected? Then the squire happened to be in a more than usually restless state of mind that morning, and he was continually up and down, in and out, till Mrs. Aylmer was in an agony.

What if they should meet on the stairs as she had done? What if the squire should hear his name? Bloodshed would be a certainty, and the most ghastly scenes went across her mind. A murder. Her husband taken up for manslaughter and hanged in a foreign land. She a witness. Joyce an invalid for life. Everything that was awful seemed to live and pass across her imagination that morning, and through it all came Miss Eliza's cut-and-dried, sharp, annoying speeches. No wonder that Marie, the *femme de chambre*, looking at her in the afternoon, cried: —

"Ah! madame, qu'elle est souffrante!"  
A rush of color came into the ashen cheeks at this unexpected sympathy, and a longing to know how long this new

terror must last broke the restraint that was almost killing her, and with a trembling voice she asked if those gentlemen were going to remain long?

"Ah! no, madame! No one but madame lingers here; it is no favorite place. They go immediately. See, madame, there is the carriage for them. One departed at noon, and the other two go also."

Mrs. Aylmer looked out of the window. The portmanteaus were being strapped on to the carriage. H. C. was now being lifted up! But its master? Two men smoking cigars, and tossing up heads or tails with some franc pieces that were evidently soon to be tossed to the *cocher* by the way they were joking with him, were waiting ready to get in. Whom were they waiting for? Would they get off safely? Would the squire just go out now and see them?

"Go! Go!" the poor lady nearly screamed in her terror.

Presently the landlord came out with some red wine twinkling in three tumblers. They all clinked glasses, and then the two young men jumped into the carriage, and with a parting nod from them, and a low bow from the landlord, they drove off.

"But where is Mr.—where is the other?" Mrs. Aylmer asked.

"He is gone. He went at noon," Marie repeated.

"Are you sure? Are you quite sure?" Mrs. Aylmer asked, with a painful doubting in her eyes.

"Certainly," Marie answered. "I saw him depart."

"She is strange, very strange," the girl thought; "but then these English they are peculiar."

The next stage in their tour Miss Eliza for the first time suggested, and unluckily her proposal was Bordeaux.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Aylmer cried, "Bordeaux would *never* do."

"Pray, why not?" Miss Eliza asked sharply. "In a town of that sort I should think we might get our clothes better washed, and there would be sure to be a Protestant church where we might worship. These chapels are very well for you, but for me it is painful to see people kneeling and praying before dolls."

"Bordeaux is too English," Mrs. Aylmer said, clinging to any reason she might fairly give; "and you know Doctor Dalrymple said a total change."

"What effect do you believe this change has done, or is likely to do?" Miss Eliza

asked, unsnapping her black bag and bringing out a little travelling-map of France. "There," laying her finger decidedly on one spot and her thumb on another. "There! there is Bordeaux. Here is Perpignan. As we are here, what could be more direct?"

But Mrs. Aylmer, with a pertinacity Miss Eliza was astonished at, stuck to her decision.

"Bordeaux was out of the question."

Then, nearly taking away the squire's and Miss Eliza's breath, this rash woman boldly proposed crossing the frontier and going a little into Spain.

"Into Spain!" the squire cried, as if she had propounded a journey up to the planet Mars.

"Into Spain!" Miss Eliza echoed, electrified.

"Yes, into Spain," Mrs. Aylmer answered calmly. She had thrown her bomb, and she was prepared for any battle that would ensue.

The squire and Miss Eliza looked at one another; then, taking up her stocking, "One, two, three," she counted her stitches. "I say nothing," she said, but her sniff was ominous.

The squire was left to do battle alone. "Do you mean it, madam?" he began.

"Yes, I mean it," she answered. Had not Henry Cotterville just left that country, and would she feel safe anywhere in France now?

"Then I think you are demented," he shouted.

Miss Eliza cleared her throat in an affirmative manner.

But, demented or not, Mrs. Aylmer stuck to her point, and before the next week she had taken her party across the border. They stopped at Tarragona, at Tortosa, and at Barcelona. At last she lost heart too; she did not like to own it, but this Spanish travelling seemed quite a failure—perhaps it was only the hotter weather, she tried to think; but she made up her mind they would return and get back into France, and perhaps try Italy, when some people in their hotel persuaded her to go as far as Valencia, it was considered such a healthy place. They almost held their hands up, to hear the Aylmers had not visited Seville, Cordova, or the Alhambra.

"What do I care for a parcel of humbugging Spanish buildings?" the squire grumbled. "We have places enough in Yorkshire to hold all their trumpery ruins in."

Mrs. Aylmer colored almost guiltily;



she did not like her husband's ignorances being so very openly shown to any one. Valentin should be their last visit in Spain; she felt she had made a mistake in coming, but this should be the end.

The weather was very hot; the sun shone down pitilessly. Miss Eliza's temper did not improve with the increased temperature, and a large green fan was added to her bag. One day she attempted to go for a walk, but a crowd of beggars surrounded her, and she had to take refuge in a shop.

"The woman behind the counter said 'Anglice!' or some such word, and shut the door to protect me from them. I don't know how she knew I was English, for I did not say anything to her. I held my cloak round me, and held my umbrella tight, and waited about a quarter of an hour. It is not safe to walk in such places."

"They would not hurt you, I think," the squire grinned, always open to anything in the shape of a contradiction.

"They had better not," Miss Eliza answered. "Still it is not proper for Englishwomen to be unprotected in such a land. The men all look like cutthroats, and the women are known to be the most immoral in the world."

"You won't be mistaken for one of them. You need not fear," the squire chuckled. "An uncommonly handsome lot they are, though."

Miss Eliza resorted to her knitting in high dudgeon. Then, another of her grievances was, to see how utterly useless her good advice had become. Mrs. Aylmer at home was a totally different woman from Mrs. Aylmer abroad. There, weak-minded as she was, she had just sense enough to be guided; here, you might as well talk to the winds. She was out sight-seeing and dragging Joyce about all day long.

"You will repent it," was her daily warning. "It is most imprudent to be out in the eye of the meridian sun. You don't know what fever you may take, and if you die the officials will bury you that very evening."

One day, after a more than usually severe warning, Mrs. Aylmer was returning through the Plaza de Martin with her daughter. A crowd was assembled there, and she stopped to see what was the cause of it. Flags were flying down the street, through which a carriage was slowly passing; soldiers walked in front and by the side of it. Wherever the carriage passed the people fell on their knees. Presently

it came into the Plaza, and stopped before the great gateway of Santa Martin; the soldiers presented arms and knelt down, and the priest descended bearing the Host.

"He has been to one who is dying," Mrs. Aylmer heard, and then the crowd dispersed.

What was it that made her look so anxiously at Joyce, and take her hand? What was it that made her notice her daughter's face was very pale? What gave her a sudden aching in her already sad heart? If death were so near her in one street, what should hinder its coming nearer? Why *would* Miss Eliza's words come back to her? The sun was hotter than ever that day, and when Joyce returned she could eat no luncheon.

"You have walked her out in the eye of the meridian sun. You know how dangerous it is. I have told you so often," Miss Eliza said, a little triumphantly.

"She's only tired; she wants rest," Mrs. Aylmer said. Miss Eliza was the last person to whom she would confide the dreadful dread that had crept over her.

Joyce had no rest that night. She lay tossing and disturbed, not sleeping, yet not quite awake. She was feverish and hot, and her head was burning. Mrs. Aylmer had noticed an English doctor's name in the list of visitors that hung on the wall of the entrance-hall, and she said she should ask him to come and see Joyce.

"What! Fling away more money on those fellows!" the squire grumbled. "You are never satisfied."

"You should not have walked her so continually," Miss Eliza said, peppering an egg.

Mrs. Aylmer did not listen to these remarks, but she sent a little note by her maid to a certain Doctor Temple, in a room Number 83 in their hotel. Perhaps, though, he would not come; perhaps he was retired, or even a clergyman. She sighed; but about five minutes afterwards a rap at the door reassured her, and a kind-faced, white-haired old man was bowing to her.

"You have sent me this note," he said, still holding Mrs. Aylmer's little message. "It is true I am a physician, and if I can be of any use to your invalid, or any comfort to you, I shall be very glad. I have been travelling for the health of my wife, so I understand anxieties," he said, with kind smile.

"Really, really, this was a little too much," the squire thought. "Not even

allowed now to eat one's breakfast in peace." Something, though, in the stranger's quiet, self-possessed manner stopped any grumbling.

"You are very kind," Mrs. Aylmer said, getting up from her chair; "perhaps I have been unnecessarily alarmed," and here she looked instinctively at Miss Eliza, who had finished her egg and was giving the empty shell a decided tap with her spoon — "but she is our only child."

"I perfectly understand," the doctor replied. Perhaps he understood even more than his words intended, as he stood looking at the group before him.

"Come in and sit down," the squire said, Yorkshire hospitality overcoming his natural irritability. "Can't offer you anything good, sir. Haven't seen a breakfast since we left home; but take what we have got."

Mrs. Aylmer went to see if Joyce was ready to receive her new visitor. The doctor stayed in the sick-room for more than half an hour, and when he came out there was a gentle pity on his face that made Mrs. Aylmer snatch both his hands and cry, "She is not ill! She is not ill! She is not going to die! Oh, Joyce! my Joyce!"

"No no," he answered reassuringly. "I have not said that, and she has such a good mother that I shall look to your nursing more than to my medicines. She requires very, very great care; but between us both, please God, we will restrain the fever. It is very well you sent for me as you did, for we were leaving this evening."

"But you will not go?" the poor mother cried.

"No, I certainly shall not leave; you and I must nurse our patient together."

He did not think it necessary to tell Mrs. Aylmer, but his first action was to send his own wife into another hotel, and then he gave himself up entirely to the charge of Joyce and her mother. For nearly a week the girl lay quite delirious; now and then she was singing a few bits from some old songs, now and then talking to imaginary people; sometimes, but very seldom, she was speaking of Aylmer. Almost always each speech ended with the cry of "Mother! mother!" Often she started up with her hands held out, and her face all alight, as it used to look in the old days, and she was evidently chafing again at some fresh injustice, or she was crying to her mother with that protecting sound in her voice, as if she were shielding her from some invisible

fury; now and again (and then the mother's heart sank within her), she was crying to her, as she had once heard her cry, and the sound then was full of entreaty, of despair, of anguish.

"You must never leave her; she knows you through it all," the kind old doctor said.

Did he know what words of healing he was saying? Did he understand the sorrowing heart beside him? Souls and bodies are very nearly allied, and some doctors have the great gift of ministering to both. Once Mrs. Aylmer had partly told him the reason of their coming abroad; and then she had also said how Miss Eliza had disapproved her taking her daughter about so much.

"You did quite right," he answered, and even if he thought it had been a little overdone he did not acknowledge it.

On the sixth morning he looked at Mrs. Aylmer's white face, and wondered if she could bear the strain of knowing that the crisis of Joyce's illness would arrive within the next twelve hours. No; she had enough to bear, he thought; so he went down-stairs to the squire and Miss Eliza and told them. "It will not hurt them," he said to himself.

The squire said no word, but he turned his back upon the doctor, and the tears streamed down his face. Miss Eliza's knitting was on the table by her; but somehow it was not touched, and she was continually blowing her nose.

Joyce's sleep lasted ten hours; her mother sat by her side holding her hand — the doctor had prescribed it.

"She shall have her as long as she may." He had three daughters at home in England, and his eyes filled with tears.

At the end of the ten hours a change came over the invalid, and a slight stir made Doctor Temple look anxious. Mrs. Aylmer, catching his look, read the reason why.

"Oh! my God, give her back!" she gasped.

Joyce's blue eyes opened, and with a perfect recognition she looked at her mother and smiled.

"She will do," the doctor said, quietly pushing Mrs. Aylmer aside and taking her place. He dreaded the reaction to Mrs. Aylmer, and the least excitement before Joyce might yet be fatal for her.

But the mother's love was stronger than the mother, and in another minute Mrs. Aylmer was the nurse again. The doctor went to tell the news down-stairs.

The squire could not speak. "God

bless you, my dear sir, God bless you!" was all he said.

Miss Eliza instantly took her knitting in her hand, but she did not attempt to knit; the needles looked four times the size they generally did, and as for the silk, why it was all colors and quite confused! She laid it down with a jerk.

"Dora must not be allowed to take her out in the sun again," she tried to say, and then her fan and pocket-handkerchief rolling out of her lap, she got up quickly and dabbed a kiss on the squire's cheek.

"Law! bless my soul, Eliza!" he cried in astonishment, and then he began blowing his nose also very vigorously.

Strange whispers were creeping about in the little village round Aylmer; the cottagers tried to look wise and nod their heads, but none really knew the cause of the family's departure, nor of Miss Aylmer's mysterious illness. She had been so carefully guarded by her mother during that sad time that few had any idea of the nature of it.

Strange, too, was the sudden reappearance of the family among them again. Miss Eliza was the only one unchanged. "She was too much of an Aylmer for that," some of the country folk said approvingly. The whole ire of the place fell on Mrs. Aylmer for having left Aylmer without one of the name in it for a year.

"A curse will fall on the family," said one old man, who dedicated his children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren to the service of an Aylmer long before they could even speak. "A curse will fall on the family, see if it don't. My eyes shall be closed before then, but fall it will," and he rapped his stick prophetically.

"He ought not to have given us a wife from down south," one neighbor of a more revolutionary turn of mind said. "The squire, he would never have left us, but she always was a weakly-looking thing. And now as for Miss Joyce, why, she never rides or hunts as she used, and she looks as altered — there — it's just all that travelling and leaving home, and that comes from a southerner being put at the head of us."

Joyce did not ride or hunt, it is true, for her constitution had received such a shock, she never became really strong; but her mind was restored, and, very mercifully, the whole of her illness and its cause she never referred to again. That part of her life was completely a blank to her.

It was strange to see how she and her mother kept their changed places; Mrs. Aylmer grew to be afraid of no one, and Joyce still clung to her mother in any difficulty like a child.

But stranger still was the squire's conduct. He, who once had been so passionate, and who could brook no opposition, was now so gentle, not only in his own home but everywhere, that no one ceased talking of it.

One Sunday, a little boy, forgetting the manners of the Aylmer tenants, pushed out of the west door before the squire had passed.

His mother tried to pull him back, but the squire, laying his hand on the child's head, said, "No, no, let him come. Fine little man! Good little man! Whose boy is it?"

"Hodges', please, sir," said the woman, with a curtsy. Hodges had been gardener at the Hall for twenty years, but none of his children had ever dared to look in at the gardens, and had run for their lives if they had seen the squire anywhere about.

"Oh, Hodges', is he? Fond of apples, my boy? Must tell your father to give you some. Hope you are kind to him, Mrs. Hodges; can't be too kind to children, you know," patting the boy's head again as he walked off.

"Well, I never!" said one woman. "What has come to him? I remembers the time when he hated children; and how he did curse and swear at them, too, to be sure!"

"And if he did," said Margaret Silverdale, the oldest woman in the village, coming down the churchyard path, "is it you, Mary Fenton, to judge him? There ain't another family the whole country round to come near them, and 'honor to whom honor is due,' I say." She walked slowly down the path leaning on her stick, and though her words were strong her heart was sad, for she could not bear to see the family that once had been so bright and powerful, come down now to one heiress; and that heiress so frail and unlike an Aylmer.

All the five voices in this tale are hushed now. Henry Cotterville's was the first to be hushed. He married as his mother wished, but he did not live many years after his marriage. It was neither a happy nor an unhappy one. He bore his disappointment about Joyce very philosophically, and in talking of it to a friend one day said, "It was really a peculiarly un-

pleasant business, for there was no doubt about it the poor girl was uncommonly fond of me, but it would have been too awkward, you know, to have had a wife liable to go mad."

Mrs. Aylmer and her daughter outlived the squire and Miss Eliza many years; and they lived so happily together that death did not divide them, for Joyce died the same year her mother did.

Every one's life forms a history; but the pages written in this world, whether long or short, are but the preface to the life which is eternal. And to each preface the word *Finis* must sooner or later be written. The *Finis* to the old music-book before me is written to a plaintive little song called "A Dieu." And with these two simple words I leave Joyce Aylmer.

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From Good Words.

A RIDE IN THE GREAT SAHARA.

BY J. H. FORBES.

FIRST PAPER.

THERE is an epidemic which is very apt to seize members of my learned profession towards the end of March. It has been given no generic name by the medical faculty, but it generally manifests itself in an almost irresistible feverish longing to cast away the law-books, the wig, and the gown, and to follow the swallows in search of sunshine and novelty. In March, 1890, I succumbed to a rather severer attack than usual of the malady, and, having secured a *compagnon de voyage*, I started on the twentieth of the month to get cured of my fever.

Our present plan was to go straight to Algeria and to spend our vacation there. The country is one of the most fascinating in the world, as well on account of its climate, scenery, and fine vegetation, as of its Roman remains which are almost everywhere to be found in fine preservation. It is easily reached from Marseilles by a very fine line of steamers which run straight to Algiers. The steamboat service along the coast is good, and, in addition to a railway running from Oran on the west to Tunis on the east, there are numerous lines which branch off the main line and run south into the heart of the country. The enterprising Mr. Cook has exploited all its known regions, and has even stretched his octopus-like arms as far south as Biskra, an oasis on the edge of the great Sahara.

Here we looked forward to getting a glimpse of the boundless sea of sand, snake-charmers, dervishes, and other Arabian wonders. *L'homme propose*, however, and on our arrival at Algiers I received a pressing summons to go at once far inland to Aïn Khenchela from the wife of M. Wolff, the commandant supérieur of an immense "circle" of administration which stretches from Khenchela due south to the extreme limits at which the flag of France has been hoisted. The general represented that at best at Biskra we should only see a Frenchified oasis, and, further, that the snake-charmers, dancers, and other gentry of the kind were a very spurious article seized with no epileptic frenzies, but "got up" to ensnare the British tourist, and turned on like the water-tap, as occasion demanded, for a few francs. The general offered to take us with him under military escort for a three weeks' tour which he was about to make amongst some of the tribes under his administration; and during our trip we were to visit curious oases, Roman remains, etc. In short, we were offered a chance which we should never again get in our lives of seeing the real Sahara.

Taking advantage accordingly of the opportunity, we started off as fast as we could for our new destination. We steamed to Boujje, and from thence drove through the far-famed pass of Chabet-el-Akhra to that uniquely situated town Constantine. At a junction a few miles from this town we got into a train which carried us by a curious zigzagging narrow-gauge line over great table lands which afford grazing for countless flocks and herds, and upon which were encamped at intervals Bedouin Arabs. A day's journey brought us to Aïn Beida, a military outpost, and another day to Aïn Khenchela. This town, which the reader will find on his map, is half French and half Arab, and is placed in a depression in the chain of the Aures Mountains at a height of from three thousand to four thousand feet above the sea-level. Here, roughly speaking, may be said to end the Tell, or the first region into which Algeria is said to be divided, and the immense country which stretches to the edge of the great Sahara, and over which we were about to journey, is known as the second region, or the *hauts plateaux*.

Our host's military command includes the control of what is known as the Bureau Arabe, which is established at all the strategical points of the country, and which forms the machinery by which the

French control the whole of Algeria. The administration is carried on by a central bureau at Algiers, divisional bureaux, and bureaux of circles. Under the command of each bureau of a circle, such as our host administered, there is a caïd, generally of princely Arab blood, who is responsible for the order of the tribes in the particular circle, and who is assisted by a khalifa, a cadi, and by the sheiks or chiefs of the countless tribes in the circle. It will thus be seen how anxious and onerous are the duties of a commandant supérieur. While the caïd and his subordinates are responsible for good order and payment of tribute by the tribes, the commandant has to watch the conduct of his subordinates, to win their confidence, decide quarrels between the French and the Arabs, and generally to do all in his power to strengthen and consolidate the power of the French government. For these purposes he makes a yearly visit of inspection in some portion of the immense territory included in his circle of administration. Hence the present expedition, upon which we started on the 8th of April.

The caravan was to be made up at the bordj, or fortress of the Caïd Si Belkhassem, head of the tribe of Ouled Rechaich, a part of the confederation of Nememcha. This caïd was to accompany us while we passed through his "kingdom," and, jointly with our general, he arranged the commissariat, providing tents, horses, provisions, etc. He is a man of great intelligence, extremely handsome with his fine eyes and noble carriage, and speaks excellent French. In his silk burnous and gorgeously embroidered turban he looked an ideal Arab chief. He entertained us right royally in his palace at a never ending dinner *à l'arabe*, cooked in his harem, and at which we were introduced to the two national dishes of "cous-cous" and the "differa." The former is the chief food of every wandering Arab, and consists of a semolina of hard wheat placed on a perforated dish, and cooked by steam ascending from another vessel beneath containing meat and vegetables, and it is served with sour milk. The "differa" is a young lamb roasted whole, and turned for three hours over a spit in the open air over a charcoal fire. It is served up whole, and you are expected to tear off the pieces of meat you fancy with your fingers.

My friend and I had a very spacious tent, and as we each had a canteen we could take lots of clothes, which were

occasionally much needed. Sleep was difficult the first night under canvas. Our horses neighing close to our tents around which they were tethered, dogs barking, jackals screaming, all combined to keep off nature's sweet restorer, and we seemed to fall asleep in the small hours only to be awakened by a strange, dirge-like sound rising and falling, which turned out to be the early service of the caïd and his harem, who were reciting passages from the Koran.

The camp was now stirring, and, mounting the Arab horse allotted to each of us, we started south, and from this point entered new country so far as any published map is concerned. We were a goodly cavalcade. Led by our caïd and his brother, with their attendant cavaliers all splendidly mounted on pure-bred Arabs, and by our general and his officers, the rear was brought up by the spahis, or native cavalry, and muleteers with mules to carry tents, provisions, etc.

There was a bright sun, and a bitterly cold wind blowing from the snow-capped Aures on our right, and our journey lay over great ridges and ranges of mountains with not a blade of grass or a shrub of more importance than a stray juniper plant two feet high. Occasionally, where there happened to be some moisture in the ground, we found barley growing. The country reminded me of nothing so much as the high tops of the hills in Inverness-shire which one knows when shooting ptarmigan. There was no sign of life save an occasional flight of partridges flushed by our caravan, or a bustard hanging like a speck over the desolate mountains.

After some five hours' riding we saw a white object in the distance, which turned out to be the general's tent, pitched as if by magic, and containing a breakfast fit for an epicure, and which had been prepared for our arrival by the muleteers and cooks who preceded us, starting in the small hours. The tent was pitched amidst the ruins of a Roman city whose name is unknown, but which has been christened Enchir Titten by the Arabs. It is situated in a remarkably strong position, commanding the access to a mighty plain from which passes one of the tracks to the great Sahara. Truly these Romans knew what they were about when they chose their strategical positions, using them also as heliographic stations.

After a rest we continued our march over great rugged rifts and mountains, and enjoyed splendid views of the Aures on



the right and the Plaine de Garel on the left; and at about 5 P.M. we reached the site of another Roman city called Aïn Roumi by the Arabs, and amidst great massive blocks of stone standing on end, doorways, and old walls, we found our tents all ready pitched for us. Here we visited an old Roman aqueduct, which is to be repaired to convey water to the plain below. It is impossible to store water in reservoirs, the caïd told me, as two days of the scirocco, or desert wind, would completely evaporate it. The night was so bitterly cold, owing to the north wind blowing from the Aures, that we made a short *sederunt* of our dinner, sitting huddled up in great coats and rugs, and were nearly petrified all night in our camp beds. This, however, was to be our last cold night for some time to come, and next morning we defiled under a glorious hot sun mainly over the same bare plains and mountains, and arrived for breakfast at the remains of a once mighty Roman city. It is named by the Arabs Enchir Gourçats, and is of the fourth century. We found the remains of a Christian church, a great slab of red stone with the cross and dove and the vine beautifully carved upon it; and also a triumphal arch dedicated to the Emperors Valens and Valentinian (A.D. 370). All these Roman towns date from the second to the fourth century, and their destruction is due to Genserik, king of the Vandals, who landed in Africa in A.D. 429, and destroyed nearly all the Roman fortresses. While walking through the ruins I picked up pottery and old coins of all sizes which had been lying crumbling in the hot sand all these centuries. This town must once have been a city of great importance, proud in her temples, colonnades, and triumphal arches. Now, however, she presents a pathetic picture of departed glory, the stunted grass and sand vying with one another as to which is to cover up the ruins.

Our halt for the night was to be at Sidi Abid, and as we pursued our journey thither we saw in the distance three horsemen galloping like the wind to meet us. They proved to be the sheik of the tribe at Sidi Abid and his two cavaliers. He was a splendid old fellow, dressed in red burnous, white turban, and red leggings, and his raven beak, fine dark eyes, and white beard gave him the appearance of a man born to command. When about one hundred yards from us he jumped off his white horse, which he handed to his cavaliers, and advanced to salute the caïd and the general, touching with his hand their

hands and clothes and then raising his hand to his lips. He then remounted, and placing himself at the head of our party he escorted us into an extraordinary village formed in the rocks, out of which we saw women and children peeping at us. This district is watered by the Fom Guentis, and we amused ourselves with fishing for barbeau, or barbel, which ran from a quarter to one pound in weight, and which were caught in a primitive manner by a long stick with a cord attached to it and a baited hook and a float.

Next morning we started for a very interesting day's march. We were still at an altitude of three thousand feet, and our route lay over the same rocky, burnt-up plateaux. Our path, if path it could be called, was made by the French soldiers as a highway to the oasis of Negrine, which lay to our east in the Sahara. It was, however, but a track, and a very dangerous one, now literally open on either side to frightful precipices, now carved out of the massive rock which rose up on either side to a great height. Here we found ourselves climbing down a deep ravine, there struggling up a steep stratum of rocks, the surface of which, heated by the fierce sun, had been planed as smooth and as slippery as ice. At last we reached the Plateau de Brileau (about the thirty-fifth parallel), and, as the general had chosen to halt here for breakfast, we were able at our leisure to gaze upon the stupendous prospect which lay below us. Rising up from the great desert we saw a great range of sphinx-like mountains, called the rocks of Zekron, rearing up their crests from an immense depth of heat and mist. They were absolutely bare of vegetation and were, as it were, scarified in a formation of symmetrical straight lines by the ever-burning sun. The weirdness of their shapes and forms was intensified by their pink and red color, which made them seem as if they were blushing for a sun whose unrelenting fury could transform them into such eerie shapes. Stretching away from the base of these monsters, as far as the eye could see, there rolled the great Sahara—a plain of irregular sand, vast and melancholy like an ocean.

As we had a dangerous and arduous march to make to reach our night quarters, we had to tear ourselves from this most wondrous scene. The sun was now shining vertically with great force over these fearsome and thirsty valleys, down which we had to crawl. One had to stick to one's horse like a leech, and felt that a single

false step would dash horse and rider into eternity. The little horses, however, which we rode are wonderfully sure-footed and must be left to themselves. They have their own way of climbing, like cats, up precipitous rocks, and walking down steps carved out of slippery and calcined marble, down which a human being would crawl on his hands and knees. Both horses and men were thoroughly tired out when we reached Riran bou Dokhan, a curious hole in a sort of rocky dune, the village of a tribe who water their flocks at the Oued (river) bou Dokhan. Fishing in this swiftly flowing and limpid stream, one could scarcely realize that some fifty kilos farther south it would lose itself in the sand and cease to exist.

Next day, starting betimes, we passed a place where a number of poor Kabyles in the last rising had escaped from the mountains and had dragged themselves down to die of thirst, little knowing that a few kilos farther south there were wells of water in abundance. At last we reached the gates of the great Sahara. It consists of great zones of flat, hard sand, upon which one could have a lawn-tennis tournament for the whole world — zones of broken, rocky sand, zones of soft, powdery sand, and dunes of sand. Owing to the rains, which had been exceptionally heavy in the spring, we saw a sight seldom seen, and which made one realize what a country Africa would be if only the rains came down in spring and autumn regularly as they do with us. The desert was clothed in a *robe de fête*, and was literally ablaze as far as the eye could see with the myriad colors of countless wild flowers, which seemed to have caught the glory of the African sun. Every few hours of our march we met caravans in charge of strange-looking men, coming with their camels loaded with merchandise from the Soudan. The men invariably came up and saluted our caïd, and formed a truly picturesque enlivenment in our hot and arduous journey.

As we neared our halt for breakfast, Oglat Trudi, the sheik of the tribes who were watering their flocks there, came out with his cavaliers to salute us. He was walking with his hand on the bridle of the general's horse when he suddenly darted forward, striking with a heavy stick a long snake, which made off along the sand at great speed. This was our first sight of the *vipère cornue*, a very dangerous reptile, whose bite proves fatal if not promptly and most energetically treated. One of the spahis drew his sabre and cut it to

pieces, and showed us the peculiar horns over the brute's eyes, which give it its name. We expected to see many large and curious snakes, but owing to the rainy spring we were, perhaps luckily for us, ten days too soon for them, although we saw a good many specimens of the horned viper, and of a very large and dangerous lizard. The heat here was so intense that after breakfast we were ordered to our tents, and we lay gasping on our beds, in very scanty raiment, till the sun being lower in the horizon we again started off.

On arrival at Bir Djahli, between the thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth parallels, on the route to the great oases of Negrine and Ferkhane, we found a large portion of the tribes of Ouled Rechaich, under our caïd's caïdate, encamped with their flocks and herds, their tents being irregularly pitched and surrounded on every side by camels, sheep, goats, poultry, and dogs. I was lucky enough to secure some photographs of the interiors of these tents (truly wretched abodes), the general kindly stopping the caravan and directing the spahis to draw their sabres and keep off the great, savage, yellow watch-dogs while I got to work. The male Bedouin is a dignified-looking, if dirty, specimen of humanity, but he is lazy and useless, the drudgery of keeping the tent and looking after the beasts being, for the most part, done by his two or three wives. These women are married at twelve years of age, when they are dark and good-looking. They generally wear red or blue dresses, and huge earrings in their ears. At about twenty years of age, however, they become haggard and hideous.

The tribes, as here, always take advantage of spots where there is some alluvial deposit brought down by the rivers which descend from the Aures, and which die in the desert, where they form a sort of delta. This delta would be as fertile as that of the Nile if the rivers, which descend in torrents after storms, did not dry up so quickly, or if the heavens regularly sent down in spring and autumn the rains which our spahis called "la bénédiction d'Allah." In a good year, such as 1890, the crops give an extraordinary yield. The caïd told me that a single seed will yield five hundred ears of barley. Every drop of rain is then worth its weight in gold.

As soon as the general's tent is set up it is surrounded by some forty or fifty swarthy Arabs, who squat on the sand outside in front of the tent door. The "reclamation" now begins. At first, a

spokesman who is deputed to detail the various grievances complained of, goes to work with much dignity and action amid the dead silence of the rest of his brethren, who sit like mutes. This, however, cannot last long. In three and four they soon begin to speak all together, till the noise becomes so deafening that the general quells them with difficulty, and proceeds either to redress the grievances or to give judgment in the case appealed to him. This tent scene amidst the Bedouin encampment seemed to me like a chapter in the Old Testament history, and I could easily imagine that I had been suddenly carried by Eastern magic into an encampment at the desert wells of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

As there were still some three hours before sunset and much barley nearly ripe for cutting, not to mention acres of wild flowers, I started with the caïd's brother, a magnificent fellow and a well-reputed sportsman, to shoot quail. The scouts, who had been sent out early in the morning, returned, reporting that owing to the softness of the desert sand the gazelle we had hoped to find were up in the mountains. My prince's *modus operandi* was somewhat peculiar. In his long burnous he did not seem to care to do more walking than he could help, and he invariably rode his charger to and from the patches of covert. Dismounting, and handing his horse to his horsemen, he proceeded to work away with two mongrel yellow French pointers. Accustomed to the "creepy" ways of quail, these *chiens de la chasse* had lost whatever steadiness they may once have possessed. On they continually rushed with their noses in the long barley, and, finally, the whole affair became a regular "sauve qui peut." The prince pursuing the dogs, with his gun held before him "on the ready," and adjuring Perdrix (one of his curs) to behave "doucement," and using other expletives which, from my ignorance of Arabic, I failed to understand, but which, I fear, were anything but "good words." When the bird was at last shoved up by the dogs the prince invariably blazed away (and on the whole with great success) at ten yards, though I found I often, at twenty-five yards, got my one barrel in after he had had his two shots at close range. After securing a capital bag and leaving many dead or wounded birds unfound in the long barley a prey to the snakes, we "ceased firing," but it will be long before I forget my daily "bursts" (I can call them nothing else) with this Arabian skearry.

From All The Year Round.

#### THE CASTLE OF MIRAMAR.

A RANGE of dreary limestone hills forms the northern boundary of the Adriatic, beyond the busy port of Trieste—the starting-point of the boat which conveys visitors to Miramar. The castle rises in solitary grandeur, between sea and sky, on the outlying rocks of a desolate creek in the iron-bound coast; and the mournful character of the surrounding scenery deepens the impression of intense loneliness conveyed by the solemn pile. Crenellated battlements above long rows of arched and mullioned windows surmount a broad stone rampart which fortifies the grey crags laved by the blue waters of the Adriatic. A soft breeze rustles the thick mantle of ivy and Virginia creeper on the bastions, and a shower of scarlet leaves flutters down to the sea. The Austrian flag droops at half-mast from a massive tower, for Miramar was once the home of the ill-fated Maximilian, emperor of Mexico, and the deserted castle is left unchanged, as a perpetual memorial of the murdered sovereign. The silence and solitude are unbroken, and the associations of a more distant past sink into comparative insignificance, blotted out by the dark shadow of that terrible tragedy which touches us with the sense of recent loss.

From the stone quay which forms the water-gate of the castle, marble steps lead to the great terrace above the ramparts. The sculptured balustrades are wreathed with purple clematis, and a flame of geraniums fills the marble vases with vivid color.

Although Miramar rises on its rocky parapet sheer and straight from the water's edge, the gardens stretch backward in endless variety of leafy avenue and shady bower, green pleasure and terraced hill, until they merge into black pine woods beneath the barren mountains which close the prospect and add to the seclusion of the lonely scene. Aisles of white and crimson roses in full autumnal bloom form vistas of fragrant shade, and the trellised arches reveal a silvery glimpse of falling fountains. The aromatic scent of fir-trees mingles with the breath of a thousand flowers, while the lapsing water and the cooing of doves blend those associations of woodland and sea which add their poetical charms to the haunted spot.

The carved stone porch of the grand entrance to this regal dwelling is veiled by a luxuriant growth of bronze and crimson creepers, flinging wreaths and tendrils over turret and pinnacle, and brightening

the gloom of the dark ivy which frames oriel window and sculptured balcony. Oaken doors with emblazoned shields open into a noble hall panelled with blackest oak, and lighted by lancets painted with heraldic bearings of the Austrian archdukes. Armor, weapons, antlers, and tattered banners line the walls and decorate the grand staircase which leads to a corridor filled with splendid family portraits of the royal house of Habsburg. The haughty face of Maria Theresa and the mournful beauty of Marie Antoinette, her ill-fated daughter, are conspicuous amidst the long line of Austrian princesses; and the joyous face of Carl von Löthringen, flushed with victory as he waves the banner of conquering Lorraine, occupies the foremost place in the rank of royal archdukes renowned for military prowess and knightly deeds.

Although no reigning family in Europe numbers more tragedies in its annals than this famous house of Habsburg, the interest of the pictures culminates in the portraits of Maximilian and his stricken consort; and the tragic memories of Austrian sovereignty reach their climax in the mournful records of these two royal lives, the violent death of the one overthrowing the tottering reason of the other, so long undermined by agonies of suspense and dread. The soldierly figure and dignified bearing of the emperor are displayed to advantage in his crimson robes of state. The broad forehead denotes intellectual power, and the firm mouth, shaded, but not concealed, by the long, fair moustache, expresses the unflinching courage of a gallant race. In the melancholy blue eyes imaginative minds have often recognized the haunted expression sometimes observed in the faces of those doomed to an untimely end, as though the shadow of coming death fell across life even in its prime and flower. Whether this be fact or fancy, no doubt can be entertained as to the cloud of care and sadness which rests on Maximilian's face.

The fair features of Charlotte of Mexico reflect something of this wistful anxiety, and the earnest gaze of the brilliant dark eyes almost contradicts the smile which plays round the sensitive mouth. A more pitiable spectacle than that of the poor distraught empress was never witnessed by the European courts from which she implored help, when her mind at length gave way beneath the terrible strain of anguish and despair.

An oppressive weight of mournful memories broods over desolate Miramar, re-

plete with all that contributes to mental culture and physical enjoyment; but only reminding us the more vividly of that ill-starred life which no human means could solace or save. In the oak-panelled library, the favorite books of the unfortunate emperor remain just as he left them; his music-score stands on the organ, and traces of daily occupations are seen in an unfinished sketch, a half-written letter on an open desk, and a collection of works on navigation—his favorite study—with notes pencilled on the margins in his own handwriting. The book-shelves, with their copies of English poems, plays, and novels, interspersed with classical authors, and modern works in French and Italian, testify to the wide and liberal culture attained by Maximilian in days of leisure and liberty. These mementoes of his sacrificed life invest the story of the hapless monarch with a tangible reality. In the oriel window of a book-lined recess his favorite armchair stands by the open casement, where he loved to sit within sight and sound of the waves which still dash on the rocks a hundred feet below this ideal "castle by the sea."

We are almost constrained to believe that the little German poem of that name, familiarized to us by Longfellow's translation, was suggested by a visit to Miramar, so exactly does it correspond with the poet's description of the castle which mirrors itself in the waves and soars upward into the crimson light of sunset.

We pass through banqueting-hall and throne-room, gorgeous with emblazoned banners and fading tapestry, the Austrian eagle surmounting the throne and carved in high relief upon the oaken ceiling. Every saloon is enriched with treasures of art in marble, mosaic, and porcelain. Hirschvögel stoves, adorned with Scriptural scenes in blue and white faïence, stand in arched alcoves; and cabinets of exquisite Kronenthal china fill gilded recesses between the long windows which overlook the wide blue sea.

The private apartments of the Empress Charlotte are also left untouched since her last sojourn at Miramar. A group of miniatures, framed in pearls, rests on an ebony work-table; a guitar, tied with a faded blue ribbon lies in an open velvet case; and a well-worn book of devotions remains on the back of a prie-dieu chair, beneath an ivory crucifix in a little oratory. The white-and-gold walls, painted with wreaths of flowers, are draped with pale blue satin; and the delicate coloring of these beautiful chambers contrasts sharply

with the sombre grandeur which characterizes the greater part of the feudal castle.

An arcaded cloister leads to the private chapel of the royal household. Shafts of ruby light from lancet windows pierce the dusky shadows of the dim interior, and emphasize, rather than illuminate, the solemn gloom. The tarnished silver of tabernacle and candlesticks gleams through the mysterious twilight, and a crimson stain falls across the marble altar, before which Maximilian so often knelt in prayer.

How great was the change from the peaceful life of Miramar to the stormy reign in turbulent Mexico, whence the hearts of the imperial exiles must have turned with hopeless yearning towards their distant home, longing amid the cares of State for the happiness lost forever amid the strife and bloodshed of the new Western empire!

From the days of the Spanish conquest of Mexico under Cortez, the history of the country has been a ceaseless record of anarchy and revolution. The union of Spaniard, Indian, and Negro—from whence the modern Mexican traces his descent—contains opposing elements which have ever retarded the advance of anything beyond a nominal civilization. Indian tribes and Creole settlers increased the difficulties of government. Successive revolts reduced Mexico to a condition of social ruin; and the affairs of the country became hopelessly involved.

The president Juarez succeeded in divorcing Church and State, and the government annexed all ecclesiastical property. Foreign powers took advantage of the situation to aid the Church party, and sent forces to Mexico in order to secure reparation for losses sustained by their own subjects who had settled in the republic. English and Spanish claims were adjusted by negotiation, and their forces withdrawn. The French troops alone remained, and, after several defeats, occupied the city of Mexico in 1863. A regency was formed, and it was decided to establish hereditary government under a Roman Catholic emperor. The Archduke Maximilian of Austria accepted the proffered crown, but the peace which followed his arrival in Mexico was of short duration. The troops under Juarez, the deposed president, broke out into open revolt, and their victories were followed by the withdrawal of the French army. Maximilian was thus thrown entirely on

his own resources, and contending factions rendered his position absolutely untenable. The clouds which had so long been gathering broke at length in darkest storm, and in May, 1867, the climax came, when the brave descendant of a hundred kings was captured and shot by his merciless subjects.

As our little boat bears us away from the grand old castle, lancet and oriel gleam like jewels in the golden light of a radiant afterglow, the solemn towers throw dark shadows over the lustrous blue of the sleeping sea, and the plash of oars alone breaks the silence which lingers perpetually round lonely Miramar. No memorial chapel or stately tomb could so adequately enshrine the unfading memory of the murdered emperor as this home which he loved so well, wherein every room seems haunted by his presence or pervaded by his taste and culture.

The stern page of contemporary history, which hitherto appeared confused and dim, is henceforth translated into a vivid reality, so deeply is every detail engraved on the mind by a visit to Miramar. Historical characters, when of royal lineage, often appear to us as a mere gallery of portraits, fenced off by a hedge of State ceremonial from that close intercourse which alone can reveal the common humanity which they share. As we wander through the halls of Maximilian's noble castle, with its wealth of pathetic memories, and trace the details of his daily life, the personality of the luckless monarch impresses itself upon the mind in clear and decided outlines. We learn to appreciate the dauntless courage which obeyed the call to a life and duty which must have been especially distasteful to one of his gentle, scholarly temperament. Consequences could neither be foreseen nor considered. It is an inspiring thought, that even in the nineteenth century the days of chivalry have not quite passed away, and we can point with pride to the example of Maximilian of Mexico, who so nobly fulfilled the motto of ancient days: "*Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra.*"

Our little boat drifts through the rocky channel of the lonely creek, where Miramar stands on its solitary outpost at the water's edge, and the rising moon silvers the sea and throws a mournful radiance over turret and pinnacle, as we turn for a last look at the sacred monument of a lost cause and a sacrificed life.



From Punch.  
GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.

## LETTER I.

(From Miss Mary Logic to Miss Rosa Blackbord.)

Coached Cottage.

MY DEAR ROSA,—

I fancy I told you that my Uncle Jack was coming home from sea. I had not seen him for six years—in fact he left England when I was a child of four or so. As you know, I am now ten. I naturally was rather curious to meet him. Well he is here, and I am fairly puzzled. He is rather a nice fellow—partly educated. He is distinctly shaky with his classics, and has evidently forgotten half his mathematics. However we got on pretty well. He seemed to be interested in my lecture upon astronomy, and said “I seemed to be a hand at chemistry.” Well so I am. As you know, when I was a mere child I was always fond of experiments of an analytical character. He asked me if I had a doll, and I suppose he referred to the old lay-figure that I was wont to sketch before I took to studying from the nude. And now you will ask, why I am writing to you, when both you and I are so busy—when we are both preparing for matriculation? When we have so little spare time at our disposal?

I will tell you. The fact is, he accuses me of ignorance in the biographical section of my studies. He gave me the history of a gentleman who used a blue dye for his moustache and murdered his wives with impunity. Then he related the adventures of a lady who slept for a hundred years from the wound of a spinning needle. I had to confess (although a constant reader of the *Lancet*) I had never heard of the case before. Then he recounted the adventures of a traveller who

seems to have had a life of considerable interest. This person obtained quite a number of diamonds, with the assistance of a huge bird called a roc. Then he had much to say about a dwarf who defeated (in really gallant style) several men of abnormally large stature. He laughed when I had to confess that I had never heard of these people before. He gave me their names. The wife-slaughterer was called Bluebeard; the lady who slumbered for a hundred years the Sleeping Beauty (I suppose she preferred to keep her anonymity); the traveller's name was Sindbad, and the dwarf was Jack the Giant-Killer. Have you heard of any of these people?

Your affectionate cousin,  
MARY.

## LETTER II.

(Reply to Same, from Miss Rosa Blackbord.)

Algebra Lodge.

MY DEAR MARY,—

As you are many weeks my junior (to be precise, exactly two months), I hasten to answer your letter. I have searched all my biographical dictionaries, but cannot find the people of whom you are in search. As for myself, I have never heard of Bluebeard, know nothing of the Sleeping Beauty, and am sceptical of the existence of Sindbad and Jack the Giant-Killer. Like Mrs. Prig, who doubted the existence of Mrs. Harris, “I don't believe there were no such persons.” By the way, you ought to read Dickens. He is distinctly funny, and I can quite understand his amusing our grandmothers. I generally turn to his works after a long day with Homer or Euripides.

Your affectionate cousin,  
ROSA.

THE theft of electricity is a new crime which the progress of science has called into existence. A case recently came before a certain law-court in the United States in which a man with some knowledge of electricity caused the meter which registered the amount which he used for illuminating purposes to record less than he had consumed. The lawyer who defended him ingeniously argued that as electricity was an intangible something of which no one could really state the exact nature, and that as at common law it

was actually unknown, his client could not be convicted of stealing it. But the lawyer met with his match on the other side in one who showed that gas was also unknown at common law, but was recognized as a thing that could be stolen. In the sequel the judge took advantage of a certain statute which makes fraud committed with a view to theft, a felony, and the man who stole the electricity is therefore likely to meet with the reward of his misdeed.

Chambers' Journal.